THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XXXVI. SUMMER NUMBER, 1940 No. 255

Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN

CONTENTS

DICKENS'S IMMORTAL MEMORY
By Bernard Darwin

* * *

POE AND THE "MESSENGER"

* * *

OYSTERS; A CLOSE-UP

* * *

AN OMITTED CHAPTER

* * *

A DICKENS DIARY

* * *

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS

* * *

A DICKENS CROSS-WORD

* * *

AND OTHER ARTICLES

* * *

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for Sale

NOW READY

TITLE PAGE TO VOLUME 35

"THE DICKENSIAN"

Price 6d. Post free from The Dickens House.

KNITTED COMFORTS

A LADIES' Knitting Party has commenced working at The Dickens House, and it is hoped that a steady stream of woollen comforts will leave The House for the use of the three Services. Miss M. Davies is making all arrangements and she would be pleased to hear from ladies desirous of joining these parties.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that gifts of wool (khaki, navy and air-force blue) or the cash to purchase it, are urgently needed and would be gratefully received at Doughty Street. Thus it will be seen that this effort need not be confined to knitters. Gentlemen, please note!

Ladies who are knitting for the Forces in their own homes are cordially invited to send their completed garments (or purchased ones) to swell the Fellowship's contribution.

THE SMALLEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD!

TAVISTOCK HOUSE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER - - - MR. CRUMMLES.

On Tuesday Evening, June 19th, 1855, will be presented, AT EXACTLY EIGHT O'CLOCK,

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL

DOMESTIC MELO-DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS,

NOW FIRST PERFORMED, CALLED

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE SCENERY PAINTED BY MR. STANFIELD, R.A.

AARON GURNOCK, *the head Light-keeper*	MR. CRUMMLES.
MARTIN GURNOCK, *his son, the second Light-keeper*	MR. WILKIE COLLINS.
JACOB DALE, *the third Light-keeper*	MR. MARK LEMON.
SAMUEL FURLEY, *a Pilot*	MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

THE RELIEF OF LIGHT-KEEPERS, BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS, JUNIOR, MR EDWARD HOGARTH, MR. ALFRED AINGER, and MR. WILLIAM WEBSTER.

THE SHIPWRECKED LADY	MISS HOGARTH.
PHŒBE	MISS DICKENS.

Who will sing a new Ballad, the Music by MR. LINLEY, *the Words by* MR. CRUMMLES, *entitled*

THE SONG OF THE WRECK.

I.

THE wind blew high, the waters raved,
A Ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures saved,
Kneeled down upon the sand.
Three-score were drowned, three-score were thrown
Upon the black rocks wild;
And thus among them left alone,
They found one helpless child.

II.

A Seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,
And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the Desert side,
It was a solemn joy
To see them, ever side by side,
The sailor and the boy.

III.

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst,
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man drooped the first,
And felt his labours done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake:
"Across this Desert wide
"O take the poor boy for my sake!"
And kissed the child, and died.

IV.

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle-mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire,
Until the Captain said one day:
"O seaman good and kind,
"To save thyself now come away
"And leave the boy behind!"

V.

The child was slumbering near the blaze,
"O Captain let him rest
"Until it sinks, when God's own ways
"Shall teach us what is best!"
They watched the whiten'd ashey heap,
They touched the child in vain,
They did not leave him there asleep,
He never woke again.

HALF-AN-HOUR FOR REFRESHMENT.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

The Guild Amateur-Company's Farce, in One Act, by MR. CRUMMLES and MR. MARK LEMON;

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

MR. NIGHTINGALE	MR. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.
MR. GABBLEWIG, *of the Middle Temple*	MR. CRUMMLES.
CHARLEY BIT, *a Boots*	
MR. POULTER, *a Pedestrian and Cold Water Drinker*	
CAPTAIN BLOWER, *an Invalid*	
A RESPECTABLE FEMALE	
A DEAF SEXTON	
TIP, *Mr. Gabblewig's Tiger*	MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
CHRISTOPHER, *a Charity Boy*	
SLAP, *Professionally Mr. Florniville, a Country Actor*	MR. MARK LEMON.
MR. TICKLE, *Inventor of the celebrated Compounds*	
A VIRTUOUS YOUNG PERSON IN THE CONFIDENCE OF MARIA	
LITHERS, *Landlord of the Water Lily*	MR. WILKIE COLLINS.
ROSINA, *Mr. Nightingale's Niece*	MISS KATE DICKENS.
SUSAN, *her Maid*	MISS HOGARTH.

Composer and Director of the Music, Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will Preside at the Piano-forte.

Costume Makers, MESSRS. NATHAN, *of Titchbourne Street, Haymarket. Perruquier,* MR. WILSON, *of the Strand. Machinery and Properties by* MR. IRELAND, *of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi*

DOORS OPEN AT HALF PAST SEVEN CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED AT A QUARTER-PAST ELEVEN.

Theatre Royal, Tavistock House.

ON TWELFTH NIGHT, FRIDAY EVENING, THE SIXTH OF JANUARY, 1854.

WILL BE PRESENTED

FIELDING'S BURLESQUE

TOM THUMB,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POWERFUL AND UNEQUALLED CAST

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA	Miss Dickens
THE PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA	Miss Betty Lemon
FRIZALETTA (*First Lady of the Bedchamber*)	Miss Lally
PLUMANTE (*Maid of Honour*)	Miss Bradbury
GLUMDALCA (*The Beautiful Queen of the Giants*)	The Infant Phenomenon
KING ARTHUR THE SECOND	Mr. Charles Dickens Jun.
NOODLE	Mr. Walter.
DOODLE	Mr. Mark.
LORD GRIZZLE	Mr. Alger.
TOM THUMB	Mr. H.
MERLIN	Mr. Graham.
GRENADIER GUARDS OF LORD GRIZZLE'S REGIMENT	Mr. Sydney and Mr. Harry.
COURTIERS	Mr. Frank and Mr. Alfred
BODY GUARD OF TOM THUMB	Mr. Edward and Mr. Marcus
GHOST OF GAFFER THUMB	The Modern Garrick.

THE DOORS WILL BE OPENED AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, AND THE PERFORMANCE WILL COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST SEVEN.

Miss Hogarth *will perform in the Orchestra, and will conduct the Incidental Music, selected specially for this occasion by the* Modern Garrick.

At the request of several Persons of Quality, the Words of the entirely New Songs to be sung by Mr. H. in the character of Tom Thumb, are printed with the present announcement.

VIVAT REGINA!

From the original in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

DICKENS'S APPEARANCES AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR

BY WALTER DEXTER

XI.

WHEN Dickens moved from Devonshire Terrace into Tavistock House at the end of 1851 the children were already growing up. Charley, the eldest, was fourteen the following Twelfth Day; Mamie, thirteen; Kate, twelve; Walter, ten; Frank, seven; Alfred, six; Sydney, four; and Henry, the baby, two. Both Frank Stone, who lived next door, and Mark Lemon had young children, and for the delight of the combined families, Dickens constructed in the back room on the first floor what he called "The Smallest Theatre in the World."* Forster remarks, that "carrying memory back to his home in the first half of 1854, there are few things that arise more pleasantly in connection with it than the children's theatricals. These began with the first twelfth night at Tavistock House, and were renewed until the principal actors ceased to be children. The best of the performances were 'Tom Thumb' and 'Fortunio' in 1854 and 1855."

Twelfth Night was, of course, Charley's birthday, and that was probably the reason why that night was chosen for these dramatic representations. In 1852 the children played a burlesque by Alfred Smith entitled "Guy Fawkes," and the year following they performed "William Tell" by Robert Brough. Alfred Ainger, later Canon Ainger, gave a full account of "Mr. Dickens's Amateur Theatricals" in "Macmillan's Magazine" for January, 1871. There he tells us that the children taking part (of whom he was one) "were always aided and abetted by the good-natured manager, who improvised costumes, painted and corked our innocent cheeks, and suggested all the most effective business of the scene."

In 1854 came the first of the Twelfth Night theatricals in which the grown-ups also took part. The play selected was Fielding's "Tom Thumb," and we reproduce—for the first time—the play-bill in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The programme was a very delicate affair printed in red, green, and gold; we know of one only outside the Victoria and Albert Museum, and in both cases the green printing—which includes the cast—has faded to almost illegibility. But it is in more ways than one an interesting programme, as it marks the transition from the old form of "play-bill" to the modern theatre programme. It is of four pages, and on pages 2 and 3 are the songs which were sung during the performance. As they are practically unknown, and were the work of Dickens, it is interesting to print them here as a record. "I have got in some capital old stager dodges and scraps of music," he wrote to Mark Lemon on Christmas Eve, 1853, "and I think it will be very pretty and droll, really very good."

* For a photograph of the Tavistock House Theatre see *The Dickensian*, 1926, page 49.

Described on the programme as " The Modern Garrick," Dickens played the part of The Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, and Mark Lemon figuring as " The Infant Phenomenon," was the Giantess Glumdalca.

SONGS

Incidental to the character of Tom Thumb as represented by Mr. H.

Air—" Sam Hall."

My name it is Tom Thumb,
Small my size,
Small my size,
My name it is Tom Thumb,
Small my size.

Yet though I am so small
I have kill'd the giant tall ;
And now I'm paid for all,
Small my size,
Small my size,
And now I'm paid for all,
Small my size.

Air—" King Arthur "

When the first King Arthur reign'd
He was a noble king,
He turn'd his three sons out of doors
Because they would not sing,
Because they would not sing,
Because they would not sing,
He turned his three sons out of doors
Because they would not sing.

King Arthur Number Two
He noble is likewise,
And he'll turn his daughter out of doors
If Tom she dare despise,
If Tom she dare despise,
If Tom she dare despise,
And he'll turn his daughter out of doors
If Tom she dare despise.

Air—" Nelly Bly "

Grizzle die, Grizzle die,
Sing like a swan your song ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
Hi Grizzle, Ho Grizzle,
Victory has come,
Unto the sword,
The Fatal sword
Of mighty Tom Thumb.

Theatre Royal, Tavistock House.

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF THAT IRRESISTIBLE COMEDIAN, MR. AINGER!

RE-APPEARANCE OF MR. H. WHO CREATED SO POWERFUL AN IMPRESSION LAST YEAR!

RETURN OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS, JUNIOR, FROM HIS GERMAN ENGAGEMENTS!

ENGAGEMENT OF MISS KATE, WHO DECLINED THE MUNIFICENT OFFERS OF THE MANAGEMENT LAST SEASON!

MR. PASSÉ, MR. MUDPERIOD, MR. MEASLEY SERVILE, AND MR. WILKINI COLLINI!

FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE OF MR. PLORNISHMAROONTIGOONTER!

(*Who has been kept out of bed at a vast expence.*)

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8TH, 1855,

WILL BE PRESENTED

MR. PLANCHÉ'S FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA, IN TWO ACTS, WITH ALTERATIONS BY THE DRAMATIC POET OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT, CALLED

FORTUNIO,

AND HIS SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PROCLAMATION.

BARON DUNOVER (*a Nobleman in Difficulties*)	MR. PASSE. (Charles Dickens)
HONORABLE MISS PERTINA (*his eldest Daughter*)	MISS KATE. (Dickens)
HONORABLE MISS FLIRTINA (*his second Daughter*)	MISS LALLY. (Lemon)
HONORABLE MISS MYRTINA (*his youngest Daughter, assuming the name and titles of* FORTUNIO)	MR. H. (Dickens)
HERALD OF KING ALFOURITE	MR. WALTER. (Dickens)
THE FAIRY QUEEN	MISS BETTY LEMON.
PAGE	MR. SYDNEY SMITH. (Dickens)
STANDARD-BEARERS	MISS NELLY and MR. DAVID.
COMRADE (*a Learned Horse*)	MR. CUMUP. (A Charles Dickens)

THE SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS.

STRONGBACK, with the gift of Strength	MR. MARK LEMON, JUN.
LIGHTFOOT, with the gift of Swiftness	MR. PLORNISHMAROONTIGOONTER. (C. Dickens)
MARKSMAN, with the gift of Far-Sight	MR. FRANK. (Dickens)
FINE-EAR, with the gift of Quick Hearing	MR. HARRY. (Lemon)
BOISTERER, with the gift of Mighty Lungs	MR. ALLY. (Dickens)
GORMAND, with the gift of Appetite	MR. WILKINI COLLINI. (Wilkie Collins)
TIPPLER, with the gift of Thirst	MR. MARKHAM NESFIELD.

THE PRESENTATION.

KING ALFOURITE	MR. CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.
PRINCESS VINDICTA (*his Half-sister*)	MISS DICKENS.
FLORIDA (*her Lady in Waiting*)	MISS EDITH BRADBURY.
THE DRAGON	MR. MUDPERIOD. (Mark Lemon)

THE EMBASSY.

THE EMPEROR MATAPA (*Cousin to the Great Bear*)	MR. AINGER.
PRINCESS VOLANTE (*his Daughter, a high-mettled Racer*)	MISS BERTHA STONE.
THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN	MR. EDWARD HOGARTH.
THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	MR. MARCUS. (Marcus Stone)
THE EXPECTANT COUSIN OF THE NOBILITY IN GENERAL	MR. MEASLEY SERVILE. (Charles Dickens)

MISS HOGARTH WILL PRESIDE AT THE PIANO-FORTE.

MESSRS. NATHAN, *of Titchbourne Street, are the Costumiers;* MR. WILSON, *of the Strand, is the Perruquier; and* MR. THOMAS IRELAND, *of the Adelphi Theatre, is the Maker of the Properties to this vast Establishment.*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

The next year's Twelfth Night celebration was Planché's fairy extravaganza, " Fortunio," the programme for which, reproduced on page 133, well repays careful reading for its humour. Canon Ainger recalled his part in it in the article already referred to, and the reader is referred to page 173 for the full account.

This is supplementary to the contemporary accounts given in either " Dickens and the Stage," by Pemberton (1888), or in " Dickens and the Drama," Adair Fitzgerald (1910).

XII.

Early in May, 1855, Dickens described himself as restlessly walking up and down his room with the first page of his new book (*Little Dorrit*) before his eyes. There was also another matter that engaged his attention. Wilkie Collins had sent him a play entitled " The Lighthouse," the principal character in which greatly appealed to Dickens; he thought of the little theatre in the back room, idle since the twelfth-night performance of Planché's fairy play. Within a few hours he had decided to put it on in the children's theatre, and in just over a week he wrote to Clarkson Stanfield that Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins, Augustus Egg, and his daughter Mary were going to play in it, and Stanfield's family and his own were to be the sole audience; and would he paint the only scene for them, an interior? " We mean to burst on an astonished world with the melodrama, without any note of preparation," he added, and he was not even to mention the matter to Forster should he meet him.

Stanfield immediately complied with the invitation to paint the interior scene, saying he was only sorry " it is not the outside of the lighthouse with a raging sea and transparent light."

He did not, however, let the matter rest there; he painted also the lighthouse and the raging sea for the act-drop, and presented it to Dickens. After the performances Dickens had the picture framed and hung in his house at Gads Hill; at the sale in 1870 it realised a sum no less than one thousand guineas, and now forms one of the exhibits at Ken House, Hampstead.

Rehearsals commenced almost immediately. " I want to wind up with the popular farce," wrote Dickens to Frank Stone, referring to " Mr. Nightingale's Diary," " we all playing our old parts."

Dickens wrote a " little ballad " for Mary to recite as a prologue. Dickens was full of the technique that ought to be employed in production, " and might be done in a theatre if there were more sense in such places "—as he wrote to Miss Coutts—and so many people became suddenly interested in the idea that the audience soon outgrew the capacity of the room, and arrangements were made for performances on three nights instead of one as originally planned.

No expense appears to have been spared; new dresses for the ladies were ordered from Nathan's.

The performances were given on Saturday, June 16th, Monday June 18th, and Tuesday, June 19th.

Less than a month later the performance was repeated at Campden

House, Kensington, in aid of the Bournemouth Sanatorium for Consumptives. On this occasion the "afterpiece" was not "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," but another farce provided by what Dickens called "swell amateurs," and in an amusing letter to Thomas Beard, he tells of the troubles he had in rehearsing one of these new people for his part.

On each night of the play the actors and guests were entertained to supper, and it was at one of these that Lord Campbell told the company that he had much rather have written *Pickwick* than be Chief Justice of England.

(To be continued)

HISTORY IN "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

THERE has recently been published by the Devonshire Press, Torquay, a volume of "Lectures given at the Torquay Natural History Museum," by the late Professor Herbert Lodge Earl, of Wadham College, Oxford. This is not the place to treat of the book as a whole. Its interest to readers of *The Dickensian* lies in the lecture "Treatment of the French Revolution by Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities*," which Professor Earl describes as a masterpiece of realism. He points to the fact that in writing this fine historical novel Dickens did not take his characters ready-made from history. This surely is a striking fact. There are no "historical characters" in the book. Dickens enveloped his own creations in the atmosphere of one of the world's greatest happenings, and he made that atmosphere at least as real as any historian has succeeded in making it. "It is the strong point of the tale," says Professor Earl, "that the author, without borrowing historic men, without dates or even noted incidents, except the murder of Foulon and the storming of the Bastille, has created a striking Revolution atmosphere." The point was worth making. J. W. T. L.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

SPEAKING at the Birthday Dinner of the Vancouver Branch, Dr. F. W. Norwood, formerly of the City Temple, London, said that none of the characters of Dickens was aflame with the passion of reform; there was nothing in them of the gentle urgings of St. Francis of Assisi, or of the violence of "Mein Kampf," but the simple character of Smike was more terrible than an army with banners in the reform of the educational system of England.

Dickens, declared Dr. Norwood, was too humorous to be a typical reformer, for the typical reformer saw only two groups of people, those who agreed with him and those who did not. The people of Dickens's day, as to day, were not vulnerable to scorn and bitter vituperation, but they were to ridicule, and that was where Dickens scored. People in those days knew how to laugh as well as cry. "Is that what is wrong with us to-day?" he asked. "We don't cry now, and we don't laugh—only from the teeth out. I have a notion that the world will never be right until we laugh as Dickens did, at some of those who are responsible for the miseries from which the world suffers to-day."

WHO—

1. Expressed the opinion that it was time to pad the hoof.
2. Went out to wash himself in a kettleful of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off."
3. Had a cool little sitting-room of her own . . . with some books in it, and no fire . . . was never cold and never sleepy.
4. Amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the right-hand of the stove, and the spittoon on the left, and then working his way back again in the same order.
5. After experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the orifice in his night-cap, originally intended for the reception of his head, and finally overturning his candlestick in his struggles to put it on . . . managed to get into bed by a series of complicated evolutions.
6. Dealt in lobsters, crabs and crawfish . . . a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden out-house where the pots and kettles were kept.
7. For the better preservation of his cheerfulness . . . provided himself with a cribbage-board and a pack of cards, and accustomed himself to play at cribbage with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes even fifty thousand pounds a side, besides many hazardous bets to a considerable amount.
8. Distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat.
9. Snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice ; each time nearer to the face of —— and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt there was now a gulf between them, which nothing could ever bridge across.
10. Inhabited a dark little house that had been squeezed, at some remote period of English history, into a fashionable neighbourhood at the west end of the town, where it stood in the shade, like a poor relation of the great street round the corner.
11. Was one of the dirtiest little unfortunates I ever saw . . . hot and frightened, and crying loudly, fixed by the neck between two iron railings, while a milkman and a beadle, with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavouring to drag him back by the legs, under a general impression that his skull was compressible by those means.
12. Learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant.
13. Wound and wound folds of white cravat round his neck, as he wound and wound folds of tape and paper round the neck of the country
14. Had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us that never varied. First, with her left hand, she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths.

(*Answers will be found on page* 189)

THE BIRTHDAY IN THE BLACK-OUT

THE chief ray of light which illumined the gloom (outside) of the evening of the seventh of February was the customary Dinner in celebration of the Birthday of Dickens, when, in spite of the bitter weather, one hundred gathered for the occasion at the Comedy Restaurant, Piccadilly, London. Mr. Henry Charles Dickens occupied the chair. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dickens, and other members of the Dickens family were also present.

MR. BERNARD DARWIN, proposing the Toast to the Immortal Memory, said that a friend of his, one who often attended Burns Dinners, declared there were two rules to be observed in making a speech on such occasions. One, not, he hastened to say, applicable in this case, was that one must go on talking for an hour, the other that one could begin a quotation from the works, and leave this to be taken up by the Company, who would continue for about ten minutes. For instance, he might now begin with " Sam Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar," and the Company present would, no doubt, finish the quotations. This would, however, cause too much noise. As in *Great Expectations*, the commercials below might send up their compliments and " This was not the Tumbler's Arms."

The times through which we are going, Mr. Darwin said, caused him to ponder on what Dickens would be doing if he were here now. There would be such Red-Crossing, such rampaging, such collecting of prodigious sums in less than no time, such " allonging and marshonging " as never was.

But Mr. Darwin's mind was turning to a more simple thing—the weather. What delightfully Dickensian and abominable weather we have been having for the last six weeks ! It has made one think of comfortable scenes such as those in " Dingley Dell ! " It was the ideal weather for sitting over the fire reading Dickens.

" Talking of weather," continued Mr. Darwin, " I do not think there was anybody more tender-hearted than my grandmother for the sufferings of others in bad weather. My mind goes back to the time of the Russo-Japanese War and a night when I was sitting with her in her cottage among the Welsh hills, the storm raving and battering at the windows. In a tone of the most profound thankfulness she exclaimed, ' Thank God I am not a Russian soldier.' " He could not help thinking Dickens would have thought that, though he might have said it better. No one ever accused Dickens of not being tender-hearted towards those who were cold, wet or miserable. This didn't prevent him from liking to be comfortable by a fire. One would think that no fire was needed when he was in a room. As Sam said of Blazes at the Swarry, he would have saved coal if you put him in the grate in a government office. A light issued from him, as it did from Mr. Fezziwig's calves ! It irradiated every corner except that dark and obscure one at Dingley Dell into which Mr. Winkle hid himself with Arabella Allen.

Dickens was a very great swell at producing an atmosphere which should foretell events. Whether these were to be tragic or cheerful,

he was equally successful. Sometimes, when the events to come were to be tragic, he would make the atmosphere so awe-inspiring that the poor events could not live up to it ! But when they were cheerful he never failed. You would think that nothing could be better than the coach drive on a frosty day on the " Muggleton Telegraph," but the glow inside Manor Farm was still more magnificent.

Mr. Darwin said that the other day he played a little game (not golf !) to himself, and if we would indulge him in a moment's foolishness, he would like to tell us about it. It consisted in choosing cricket elevens from the various books, and in particular to choose one from *Pickwick* to play all the rest. If other people tried it they would find it not so easy.

You start of course with Mr. Weller, Snr., and then Mr. Pickwick and Sam. That would leave eight places to fill—and what a string of players ! You had Winkle, Tupman, Snodgrass, Wardle (" no Jingle, I'd throw him out," said Mr. Darwin), and then suddenly you found you were leaving out those who could not be left out : Roker, Smangle, Jack Hopkins (who told the story of the child that swallowed the necklace), and above all the towering figure of Mr. Solomon Pell. They must play, there was no possible room for Mr. Tupman or Mr. Snodgrass, and even Mr. Winkle would be scrambling for his place.

But then, you can't have all batsmen, you've got to have bowlers, and how could you begin to choose these ? Of course, you have Arabella Allen, who would bowl out any one and had no rival unless it was Bella Wilfer.

Dickens had a unique power of creating what he might call " Pocket Immortals." That is, not only the obvious Immortals whom everyone knows, the great outstanding figures, but the lesser characters, such as the young man at the Podsnap's party who said only one word, " Esker." They flash across the stage before our eyes and are gone, but are never to be forgotten. They were called minor characters, but they were really maximus.

The great point to remember is this, Mr. Darwin said : " Here we are, 128 years after the birth of Dickens, hard at work reading him. And we shall go on reading him, as long as ever we live, and in Sam Weller's words, ' let everythin' and everybody do their wery fiercest, nothin' shall ever perwent it.' "

A novel toast list followed the Toast of the Evening. These were given by members supposed to represent Dickens characters who had given dinner parties. Thus, Mr. T. W. Hill welcomed the guests in a five-minute speech as Mr. Podsnap would have addressed them. Mr. Leslie C. Staples assumed that he was Mr. Smauker at the Swarry ; Mrs. Bacon welcomed the diners as Mrs. Todgers would do to her boarders ; Mr. Walter Dexter was Mr. Micawber at a farewell dinner-party ; Mr. J. H. McNulty was Pecksniffian as Mr. Pecksniff ; Mr. Mostyn Harper brought Mr. Bob Sawyer back from India ; and Mr. Stuart-Bunning embodied all the dignity of Mr. Dombey.

A toast to the Chairman by Mrs. Major, and his reply, brought a successful and eventful evening to a close.

THE OYSTER; A CLOSE-UP

By T. W. HILL

IT is not any good blinking the fact that as a spectacle the oyster is not beautiful. It looks too much like a bit of weather-beaten and water-worn slate; it is not shapely; indeed, its form is not comely and is only approximately circular; and its colour is so nearly that of a dead sort of mud that, regarded as a colour, it is a failure.

To open this unattractive shell, however, is reminiscent of the Transformation Scene of a nineteenth century pantomime, and the process is as gradual, requiring much patience. The dark and dismal exterior gives place ever so slowly to the lovely iridescence of a bed of rainbow-coloured pearl in which reclines the Princess of Molluscs—a princess endowed if not adorned with a beard!

This charming Princess breathes through her beard, as do the human beings who affect this particular form of face ornament, and gathers among her tangled hair all sorts of small creatures and particles of food; of course this does not apply to a really cleanly man like Riah, although it might be appropriate to such a dirty old rascal as Fagin.

The Princess—the oyster—does not appeal with equal force to every taste. In the pantomime the princess is the object of dislike by the villains of the piece; in nature she is pursued by the starfish, which get their arms into the shell and then murder and eat the inhabitant, and the marine snails and worms that bore through the shell and so effect a more direct entrance with the same bloodthirsty intent.

And herein lies a profound moral, as well as a truth.

I.

The consumption of food is one of the principal pleasures of life, and Dickens as the apostle of happiness was fully alive to the possibilities of the oyster; there are very many allusions scattered through his writings using the succulent shell-fish in its gustatory, figurative, social, sociological, and decorative aspects, to say nothing of its use as a medium for the expression of friendship and affection.

There are, I believe, some folks who do not like oysters, but to the vast majority of people they are, as they have always been, a luscious delicacy, and Dickens was one of this majority. He evidently was of Dick Swiveller's opinion with regard to beer; you can't taste it in a sip, and *one* oyster is of little use as a taste. You must have quantity: see how Noah Claypole enjoyed his supper:

> "Close beside him stood Charlotte opening oysters from a barrel; which Mr. Claypole condescended to swallow with remarkable avidity . . . he was in a slight degree intoxicated. These symptoms were confirmed by the intense relish with which he took his oysters. . . . 'Here's a delicious fat one, Noah dear,' said Charlotte, 'try him, do; only this one.' 'What a delicious thing is a oyster,' remarked Mr. Claypole after he had swallowed it; 'What a pity it is, a number of 'em should ever make you feel uncomfortable, isn't it, Charlotte?' 'It's quite a cruelty,' said Charlotte. 'So it is,' acquiesced Mr.

Claypole, 'ain't yer fond of oysters?' 'Not overmuch,' replied Charlotte, 'I like to see you eat 'em, Noah dear, better than eatin' 'em myself.' 'Lor',' said Noah reflectively, 'how queer.' 'Have another', said Charlotte, 'here's one with a beautiful delicate beard.' 'I can't manage any more,' said Noah, 'I'm very sorry. Come here, Charlotte, and I'll kiss yer.'"

And what would you say to this instance in the story of the Bagman's uncle: "a light lunch of a bushel of oysters, a dozen or so of bottled ale, and a noggin or two of whisky to close up with"?

It is the pretty habit of many people to take with them a gift when making a visit to friends; what an appropriate present was that which Mr. Pickwick took with him in the fore-boot of the coach to Dingley Dell: a huge cod fish reclining on half a dozen (half a dozen, mark you) barrels of real native oysters, one barrel forming a rather hard pillow for the somnolent Fat Boy on the last stage of the journey to Manor Farm. We are not told how many of the Wardles' family and friends partook of the oysters, but we do know, on the evidence of Sam Weller, that before breakfast on Christmas morning Bob Sawyer had "his legs on the table, and is a-drinkin' brandy neat, vile the t'other one—him in the barnacles—has got a barrel of oysters atween his knees, wich he's a-openin' like steam, and as fast as he eats 'em, he takes a aim with the shells at young dropsy, who's a-sittin' fast asleep in the chimbley corner." The fate of the remainder of the contents of the other barrels is "wrop in mystery," but we may suspect that cod and oyster-sauce would account for some.

But these delightful orgies only occur when all goes well. Think of the trouble that often ensues if efforts to attain the fish, tightly enclosed within the shell, are unsuccessful. (And in parenthesis let me warn you against touching an oyster that is easy of access.) When Bob Sawyer gave his party "the man to whom the order for the oysters has been sent, had not been told to open them; it is a very difficult thing to open an oyster with a limp knife or a two-pronged fork; and very little was done in this way;" so one can only suppose that Mrs. Raddle got most of them as a landlady's perquisite. Dare one be permitted to hope that she allowed Mr. Raddle a taste? Betsy the maid would be most unlikely to share the spoils.

This difficulty of access can be very exasperating to a person who is inexpert in the use of that primitive instrument, an oyster knife. A delightful example is shewn in the downfall of Dora's housekeeping. Justice can only be done to this episode by a fairly full quotation:

"'My love,' said I to Dora, 'what have you got in that dish?' .... 'Oysters, dear,' said Dora timidly. 'Was that *your* thought?" said I delighted. 'Ye-yes, Doady,' said Dora. 'There never was a happier one,' I exclaimed, laying down the carving-knife and fork, 'there is nothing Traddles likes so much.' 'Ye-yes, Doady,' said Dora, 'and so I bought a beautiful barrel of them, and the man said they were very good. But I—I am afraid there's something the matter with them. They don't seem right.' Here Dora shook her head and diamonds twinkled in her eyes. 'They are only

opened in both shells,' said I, 'take the top one off, my love.' 'But it won't come off,' said Dora, trying very hard and looking very much distressed. 'Do you know, Copperfield,' said Traddles, cheerfully examining the dish, 'I think it is in consequence—they are capital oysters, but I think it is in consequence—of their never having been opened.'

"They never had been opened; and we had no oyster-knives—and couldn't have used them if we had; so we looked at the oysters, and ate the mutton."

There is not always trouble, however. Usually measures are taken to ensure that the oysters have been dealt with by a professional hand, and that they are served in a state ready for consumption and relish. At the Footmen's swarry at Bath Sam had no difficulty whatever, as "when the punch was about half gone, Sam ordered in some oysters from the greengrocer's shop" and Mr. Tuckle danced the frog-hornpipe among the shells on the table.

II.

It is an old and well-established custom that special occasions such as birthdays, anniversaries, and receptions of important guests shall be marked by a banquet or a dinner, such as the meal given by Tony Weller to celebrate the successful completion of his legal business by that "confidential pal o' the Chancellorship's," Mr. Solomon Pell. The spread consisted of "a drop o' beer, a little bit of cold beef, or an oyster." Full justice was done to the repast, as we read that "if one individual evinced greater powers than another, it was the coachman with the hoarse voice who took an imperial pint of vinegar with his oysters without betraying the least emotion." One wonders, guessing the capacities of Tony's coachman friends, what quantity of food was represented by a drop of beer, a little bit of cold beef, and an oyster.

Sir Ray Lankester says that the anciently established habit of drenching an oyster with vinegar before eating it is precisely the best treatment to adopt to destroy the vitality of typhoid germs, so we may be certain that Tony and his friends took no subsequent harm.

Even more modest banquets such as that given by Nicholas Nickleby when he bade farewell to the Crummles Company, would not have been complete unless it included "oysters at the top" of the table.

As a tasty morsel and one of a soft, boneless, slippery nature, the oyster is easy to swallow, a fact of which Americans take full advantage. Every one in the United States is in a hurry, and Martin Chuzzlewit noticed the greed and speed with which the boarders at his hotel disposed of their meals: "the oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly . . . it was a solemn and an awful thing to see."

As an instance of the lusciousness of a dish of good oysters it is not possible to give anything better than a hint of the wealth (quite inaccurately guessed at) associated with the Lammles' wedding: "Buffers are overheard to whisper Thir-ty Thou-sand Pou-nds, with a smack and a relish suggestive of the very finest oysters."

Of course the wonderful array of food, above which towered the gigantic figure of Christmas Present would not be complete, in a Dickensian world, without these comestibles. Here is the compendious list :

> " Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, ' sucking ' pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam."

What a pity they all vanished in the dream !

III.

The philosopher may draw many lessons from the modest and retiring oyster : its unattractive exterior, its delectable reward for perseverance or knack, etc. ; and there are many other apposite conclusions to be drawn by the discerning thinker. How often has the oyster in its fastness and its blindness (for it has no eyes) been the medium for deep deductions ? Is not Tulkinghorn, the old-style family solicitor, repository of all the family secrets of the Dedlocks and the cupboard where they kept the family skeletons, described as an " oyster of the old school whom nobody can open " ? Did not Mortimer Lightwood refer to John Rokesmith as an " individual of the hermit-crab or oyster species " ? Did not Captain Jorgan speak of a disappointed dealer who " joined a settlement of oysters and translated the multiplication table into their language " ? And did not Susan Nipper remark, " I may not wish to live in crowds, Miss Floy, but still I'm not an oyster " ?

Another aspect of the great oyster question is best expressed in Sam Weller's illuminating philosophical pronouncement :

> " It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir, that poverty and oysters always seems to go together." " I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. " What I mean, sir," said Sam, " is that the poorer a place is the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, Sir, here's an oyster-stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

This association of oysters and poverty in Dickens's mind need not cause surprise, as at that time they cost only about eight pence a dozen, and he well knew the poorer and more neglected parts of the Metropolis. In the streets by night " flat-fish, oyster and fruit vendors linger hopelessly in the kennel, in vain endeavouring to attract customers " ; in Seven Dials " dirty men, filthy women, squalid children, fluttering shuttle-cocks, noisy battledores, reeking pipes, bad fruit, more than doubtful oysters, attenuated cats, depressed dogs, and anatomical fowls, are its cheerful accompaniments " ; while Ratcliff

Highway is called "that reservoir of dirt, drunkenness, and drabs: thieves, oysters, baked potatoes and pickled salmon."

Among the attractions of Greenwich Fair, is "a deal table, on which are exposed penn'orths of pickled salmon (fennel included), in little white saucers; oysters with shells as large as cheese-plates, and divers specimens of a species of snail (*wilks* we think they are called) floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid," and at Chatham "the commodities chiefly exposed for sale in the public streets are marine-stores, hard-bake, apples, flat-fish and oysters."

In this connection I wonder whether Dickens had ever heard the Irish saying (indicative, I fear, of the appalling conditions in which the peasants lived a century ago) that you can with safety take an egg, an orange, or an oyster, from the dirtiest hands.

Oyster-shells are admittedly waste; nobody wants them, except perhaps bird-fanciers for crushing, or small children for the purpose of building "grottoes"; so we see that when Esther Summerson visited the Jellybys she could not find Peepy, although the oyster-shells he had been building a house with were still in the passage. Otherwise the shells find their way to dust-bins or rubbish-heaps. In *Dombey and Son* the devastation caused by the construction of the new railway is characterised by "frousy fields, and cow-houses, and dung-hills . . . little tumuli of oyster-shells in the oyster season, and of lobster-shells in the lobster season, and of broken crockery and faded cabbage-leaves in all seasons."

The fowls in Shy Neighbourhoods "have taken to grovelling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees, and make roosting places of shop-boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and door-scrapers," and Down by the Docks "they eat the largest oysters, and scatter the roughest oyster-shells, known to the descendants of St. George and the Dragon."

This paper must, of course, make some mention of the use of oyster-sauce as an accompaniment of boiled cod, as was suggested by Mr. Pickwick's present to the Wardles, and the traveller's dinner at the end of *Somebody's Luggage*; or as a garnish for the steaks enjoyed by Mr. Bumble on his visit to London.

In parenthesis, it would be interesting to see the portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury with an "oyster-sauce-coloured" face on which Mr. Watkins Tottle gazed.

IV.

Another use can also be found for the delicacy under consideration when used as a component of a special dish. Mr. Pancks did not forget its succulent qualities when he invited Young John Chivery to a celebration: "the banquet was appointed for a Sunday, and Miss Rugg with her own hands stuffed a leg of mutton with oysters on the occasion," although the method of stuffing a leg of mutton is withheld.

I am tempted, and shall not resist the temptation, to quote in full Doctor Marigold's recipe for a satisfying meal:

"I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas Eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beef-steak-pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humour with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat."

Would Dickens himself give the choice to the next extract?; he must have experienced the highest degree of personal satisfaction in writing it. It is the Nubbles's supper after the visit to Astley's:

Kit, "walking into an oyster shop as bold as if he lived there . . . ordered a fierce gentleman with whiskers who acted as waiter and called him, Christopher Nubbles, Sir, to bring three dozen of his largest-sized oysters and to look sharp about it . . . and [the waiter] presently came running back with the newest loaves and the freshest butter and the largest oysters ever seen . . . the greatest miracle of the night was little Jacob, who ate oysters as if he had been born and bred to the business—sprinkled the pepper and the vinegar with a discretion beyond his years—and afterwards built a grotto on the table with the shells. There was the baby, too . . . sitting up in his mother's lap, staring at the gas without winking and making indentations in his soft visage with an oyster-shell to that degree that a heart of iron must have loved him."

Oysters can form a satisfactory meal without other courses, usually accompanied (in Dickensian circles) by porter as the appropriate beverage. Such was David Copperfield's supper on his return from Canterbury. Mr. Kenwigs, after hearing the disturbing news of Mr. Lillyvick's marriage with Miss Petowker, bewailed his misplaced hospitality to that uxorious water-rate collector in these terms: "The attention that I've shown to that man. The hyseters he has eat and the pints of ale he has drank in this house."

Then there is the vivid picture of Mrs. Clennam, hard in feature and stiff in back, fixing the regular hours of business with Arthur: the hours, "allowing for intervals of invalid regimen of oysters and partridges, during which Clennam refreshed himself with a walk, were from ten to six." And here is a glimpse of the customary routine: "Eleven; time for your oysters . . . they looked tempting; eight in number, circularly set out on a white plate on a tray covered with a white napkin, flanked by a slice of buttered French roll, and a little compact glass of wine and water."

An indication of the true nature of Pecksniff, who pretended to be merry on a diet of Captain's biscuits—"a moist and jovial sort of viand"—is afforded us when he had an opportunity of gratifying his palate at someone-else's expense, during the period of mourning (!) after Anthony Chuzzlewit's death. "Spare no expense," advised Jonas, and to do Pecksniff justice he didn't. "They kept quite a dainty table during this melancholy season; with sweetbreads, stewed kidneys, oysters, and other such light viands for supper every night."

As what Mr. Wemmick would call a "property," oysters are not to be despised, for the Gentleman in Small Clothes, in boasting of the

wealth he was desirous of laying at the feet of Mrs. Nickleby, included "estates, ma'am, jewels, lighthouses, fish-ponds, a whalery of my own in the North Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean."

Even the shells have their attraction for the frugally minded. After Mr. Barkis's death, David, acting as a sort of executor, opened the celebrated box and found "an old horse-shoe, a bad shilling, and an oyster-shell . . . From the circumstance of the latter article having been much polished and displaying prismatic colours on the inside, I conclude that Mr. Barkis had some general ideas about pearls which never resolved themselves into anything definite."

With reference to the tightly closed shell, we are told that Mrs. Pipchin's system of education was "not to encourage a child's mind to develop and expand like a young flowering plant, but to open it by force like an oyster," the moral of the lessons being usually of a violent character.

Knowing Mr. Micawber's fondness for the good things of this life, it is surprising to note that oysters do not appear at any meal with which he had to do. But he was evidently not unprepared, as, in one of Mrs. Micawber's letters, describing his distraught state of mind at one time, she says: "Last night on being childishly solicited for twopence to buy 'lemon-stunners'—a local sweetmeat—he presented an oyster-knife at the twins;" the only lethal weapon Mr. Micawber ever threatened to use, if we except the ruler with which he intimidated Uriah Heep.

Mention has been made of the unattractive appearance of the shell, so it must have been the iridescent interior that was displayed in David's bedroom in Peggotty's boat, for he found provided "a little looking-glass just the right height for me, nailed against the wall and framed with oyster-shells"; the next morning "almost as soon as it [the sun] shone upon the oyster-shell frame of my mirror I was out of bed;" and this small item is not overlooked later in the story when the boat was deserted: "everything was gone, down to the little mirror with the oyster-shell frame."

V.

Analogy was a great asset in Dickens's descriptions of men, manners, and scenes, and one of the best is found on Martin's return from Eden to the Blue Dragon. After his first greeting to Mrs. Lupin, "You have had plenty [of kisses] I am sure," said the hostess, "go along with your foreign manners." "That ain't foreign, bless you," cried Mark, "native as oysters, that is. One more because it's native . . . I ain't a-kissin' you now, you'll observe. I have been among the patriots; I'm a-kissin' my country."

A refreshing and original simile is given when Little Britain takes his tea, "handling his saucer like an oyster and disposing of its contents on the same principle." A certain delicacy of table manners seems to be hinted at when Bella Wilfer returns home after shaking the Boffins' dust off her feet. Mrs. Wilfer never forgets her personal

aloofness and consciousness of what is lady-like behaviour and a nice perception of what she considers is due to herself. On Lavinia s fainting, Mr. Sampson " with words of comfort, raised her prostrate form and handed her to Mrs. Wilfer as if the young lady were some thing in the nature of refreshments. Mrs. Wilfer with dignity partaking of the refreshments, by kissing her once on the brow (as if accepting an oyster), Miss Lavvy, tottering, returned to the protection of Mr. Sampson."

During the Anglo-Bengalee swindle, when Jonas pays a visit to his fellow-conspirator, Montague Tigg (who does not trust him) says : " You see, my dear fellow, you are too——what's the matter with your lips ? How white they are." Jonas replies with his usual surly tone : " I took some vinegar just now ; I had oysters for my breakfast."

The closeness with which oysters are packed is used as an analogy when Jonas is seated between Charity and Mercy in the coach, " packed like a brown-paper parcel, or a fish-basket, or an oyster-barrel, or a fat gentleman, or any other dull reality of life."

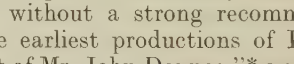
But, of all the analogies, I like best Tony Weller's compliment (I suppose it was a compliment) to his son :

> " Wery good power o' suction, Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder, looking into the pot when his first-born had set it down half-empty. " You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station o' life."

It is so true to nature ; the oyster holds its shell continuously open in order that a stream of liquid is constantly washing its gills.

I cannot conclude without a strong recommendation for the re-reading of one of the earliest productions of Dickens's pen : " The Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce,"* a story of the infatuation and disillusion of an elderly widower ; it exhibits the demoralising influence of the otherwise delectable shell-fish.

I have not used by any means all the references to oysters, but it is hoped that the number quoted will be sufficient to show why Dickens's style makes his books so refreshing, so readable, and so perennially entertaining.



TWO PRESENTATION COPIES SOLD

DICKENS presented several autographed copies of his works to his surgeon Frederick Salmon ; two of them were sold at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York in January. The first were Vols. I and II of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 1840, which fetched $160, and the second the first separate edition of *Barnaby Rudge*, 1841, which was sold for $270. Both were bound in full red morocco. They were from the library of the late Mr. Paul Lemperley, to which reference was made on page 230 of the last volume of *The Dickensian*.

* Written for " Bell's Life in London " in 1835, and included in *Sketches by Boz*.—EDITOR.

AN OMITTED CHAPTER

By J. H. McNULTY

THERE are several mysteries concerning *Martin Chuzzlewit*, to some of which no solution can be found. Why was this book less successful than its predecessors, in fact almost a failure? It showed no falling off in power, indeed it showed an advance, and all will admit it was Dickens's greatest novel up to that time. No adequate answer to this question has been found.

There is another mystery, a strange and almost inexplicable piece of forgetfulness on the part of Dickens. Readers will remember the interview between Mr. Pecksniff and old Martin Chuzzlewit who was lying sick at the "Blue Dragon," when Martin was extremely rude and Pecksniff forgave him though the old man had no wish to be forgiven.

After this interview, Chapter IV opens with these words:

> "That worthy man, Mr. Pecksniff, having taken leave of his cousin in the solemn terms recited in the last chapter, withdrew to his own home, and *remained there three whole days, not so much as going out for a walk beyond the boundaries of his own garden* lest he should be hastily summoned to the bedside of his penitent and remorseful relative whom, in his ample benevolence, he had made up his mind to forgive unconditionally and to love on any terms. But such was the obstinacy and such the bitter nature of that stern old man that no repentant summons came, and the fourth day found Mr. Pecksniff apparently much farther from his Christian object than the first.
>
> "*During the whole of this interval, he haunted the 'Dragon' at all times and seasons in the day and night.*"

What is the explanation of this contradiction? It seems impossible that Dickens should say in one paragraph what he immediately contradicts in the next. If the two sentences had been some distance apart, forgetfulness might be the explanation, but the sentences are almost next to each other, and we are forced to the conclusion that originally they were separated by a portion of manuscript omitted from the printed book and presumably lost. The following appears to be this missing manuscript, and to show how it fits in between the two statements, we preface it with a few words from the printed page, and close it in the same manner.

> And the fourth day found Mr. Pecksniff apparently much farther from his Christian object than the first. The garden to which Mr. Pecksniff confined his peregrinations during this period of waiting was a trim well-ordered plot of ground. There were paths in which no blade of grass was allowed to show its head; a well-kept lawn from which every daisy was rigidly excluded; neat box borders divided the paths from the flower beds, and a privet hedge at the end of the lawn shut out the prying eyes of neighbours. There were flowers too, flowers representing the virtues of the moral master of the house—the modest violet, for Pecksniff was modest; the

water-lily, for he was remarkable for his sobriety: the gentle un assuming primrose. It must not be supposed that Mr. Pecksnif maintained all this ordered beauty unaided. He did not. Ther was in the village an oldish man of great strength and a good worke when told what to do and how to do it, but weak minded—in fac little short of an idiot. "It was," as Mr. Pecksniff said, "a chari to employ him!" It was for the employer, being half-witted th man worked for half the usual wages. This man, helped by Tom Pinch, did all the rough work but the directing mind was Pecksnif's Attired in gardening gloves, an ancient frock coat and a large stra hat, he walked one morning down the garden path. He was gen humming "Gather the rose buds," and as he walked, he picked dahlia of brilliant colour and sniffed at it for the perfume whic was not there.

"'Rosa Canina,' I think, Mr. Pinch, if my memory does no deceive me."

"It's a dahlia you've picked, Sir," replied Tom.

"So it is, Mr. Pinch, so it is, but what of it? A rose by an other name, as Milton says."

"That was Shakespeare, Mr. Pecksniff."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pinch, of course, of course."

"It is strange and sad," mused Mr. Pecksniff, "that men shoul strive for the evil metal gold, should wait and alas! long for th death of their nearest and dearest for the sake of gold. Red gold red gold, how sad! how very sad!" "But here," he said, wavin his hand toward the flower bed, "here is innocent gold, gold fo which no man is injured, no heart is broken, no deaths desired marigold and golden rod, innocent beautiful gold."

Ending this soliloquy he turned to Tom Pinch.

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Pinch. I was talking the Vicar the other day, and in the course of our conversation mentioned your playing the organ at the church and I told hi that I thought your services were deserving of some definite, som financial recognition."

"But, Mr. Pecksniff, I love playing, I don't do it for money

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pinch, I know. The Vicar agreed with me th your playing does deserve recognition, but the church is poor. I told him that I would add £10 a year to your salary for yo services to the church."

"You're very good, Mr. Pecksniff, very good indeed, Sir," repli Tom, smiling with pleasure, as a vision of what he could do with this golden wealth came before him.

"And as I know," continued Mr. Pecksniff, "you would wish be helpful in every way, I will add this £10 to my annual donati to the church."

A shade of disappointment crossed Tom's face, but it quick passed. How selfish of me, he thought, when Pecksniff is generous. I ought to be delighted at such an excellent arrang ment.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive, Tom. The money hand over will be your money, so you may count yourself doub blessed. You will virtually receive and certainly give. Bless yo bless you! By the way, Mr. Pinch, you may speak in the villa about your increase of salary, but don't mention anything abo

my adding it to my subscription. That is a matter strictly between ourselves. No one else need know anything about it."

He was right ; no one else ever did know anything about it, not even the parson, for Mr. Pecksniff's donation remained unaltered. No doubt the good man forgot.

Then Mr. Pecksniff walked slowly towards the house, and that night when he was retiring to rest, he reviewed the events of the day.

" I have taken steps to improve my good name in the village, not an unworthy act surely. I have injured no man. I have made Tom Pinch happy, and to make others happy should be the ambition of all good men."

With such pleasant occupations he filled up his scanty leisure, for during the whole of this interval he haunted the " Dragon " at all times and seasons in the day and night.

THE DOYEN OF BRANCH SECRETARIES

Mr. J. K. Thompson

After serving continuously from February 1908, a period of thirty-two years, Mr. J. K. Thompson, the Hon. Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, has retired. Mr. Thompson has for long held the record in the Fellowship for continuous service in office ; he has proved himself a most zealous and loyal Dickensian. He attended every one of the American Conferences during the years they were held, and several of the Annual Conferences in this country, where his most genial personality won him a host of friends. Long may he enjoy health and happiness. Mrs. Lewis W. Jones has been appointed his successor, and we sincerely hope her term of office will be as long, as happy, and as successful.

BIRTHDAY IN HAWAII

Judge F. W. Howay, of Vancouver, a Vice-President of the Fellowship, proposed the Immortal Memory at the Dinner of the Honolulu Branch at which nearly two hundred guests were present. On the same occasion, Mr. J. Russell Cades spoke of the indirect influence of Dickens on the legal procedure of Hawaii. " Information Please on Charles Dickens " provided an entertaining after-dinner subject and disclosed the singularly complete information possessed by the members.

The Christchurch (N.Z.) Branch has been doing some excellent work. Holidays for crippled children have been arranged at the Rangiora Health Camp, and wood-work tools presented to the crippled children's class in the public hospital.

WHERE FOUND?

1. Rob the Grinder.
2. Jarley's Wax-work.
3. Bleeding Heart Yard.
4. The Single Gentleman.
5. The Dolls' Dressmaker.
6. The Protestant Manual.
7. The antithesis of Fagin.
8. The magic beanstalk country.
9. The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.
10. "There's milestones on the Dover Road."
11. "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism."
12. The great art, how not to do it.
13. A soldierly-looking woman, usually engaged in washing greens.
14. She went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.
15. The author of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the nurse's deceased husband in "Romeo and Juliet."
16. The knotty man, close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle.
17. The man with a fat forefinger; he puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he puts it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction.
18. The poor clerk with a limited salary and unlimited family, who had never yet attained the modest object of his ambition, which was to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time.
19. The tradesman who appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler who . . . kept an eye on the coachmaker, who contemplated the baker . . . who stared at the grocer who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist.
20. The man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his theory of Tittlebats.
21. In his steeplechase towards manhood . . . he still found it very rough riding, and was grievously beset by all the obstacles in his course. Every tooth was a break-neck fence, and every pimple in the measles a stone wall to him.
22. The bar . . . was a bar to soften the human breast. The available space in it was not much larger than a hackney-coach, but no one could have wished the bar bigger, that space was so girt in by corpulent little casks, and by cordial-bottles radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches, and lemons in nets, and by biscuits in baskets, and by the polite beer-pulls that made low bows when customers were served.

(*Answers will be found on page* 177.)

A DICKENS DIARY

DICKENS kept a diary—occasionally. Like many others, he made a brave start on the first of January—but the good resolution was never adhered to for long.

Four of these diaries are preserved in the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. They are for the years 1838, 1839, 1840, and 1841. The diary for 1838 appears to be the first he attempted to keep, but he gave up the task after the first fortnight. Extracts from the four were given in the first edition (1880) of "The Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by his elder daughter and his sister-in-law; and the diaries were published in full in the first volume of the Nonesuch Edition of the Letters edited by Walter Dexter (1938).

We reprint here the whole of the diary kept by Dickens just a century ago, and have set ourself the pleasant task of reconstructing a much more complete diary from his Letters, Macready's Diaries, and the Life by John Forster.—EDITOR.

DICKENS'S OWN DIARY FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1840.

LAUS DEO.

Dinner party at home. Tom Hill, Blanchard, Stone, Thompson, Collinson, Hullah and wife, Maclise, Forster, Kate and I.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1840.

At home all day and evening, correcting proofs of Young Couples and considering new work in all possible ways.

Qy. Title
Old Humphrey's Clock.
Master Humphrey's Clock.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1840.

At 2. Meeting the Committee for Downton's retiring benefit, in the Committee Room of C.G.T.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 1840.

Entered upon house at Broadstairs for five weeks.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1840.

Put down names at the libraries.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1840.

Memo.

To answer Harness invitation for January 7th at 9 Heathcote Street.
Do. case of distress, Agnes Turner, 102 New Road, Chelsea.
Subscription £1 Shakespeare Society.
Do. London Library. £5 Messrs. Bouverie & Co., 11 Haymarket.
First Annual Subscription (£2), May 1st, 1841.
W. H. Harrison, Crown Life Office, 33 New Bridge Street, concerning his paper for Mrs. Macrone's book.

DICKENS'S DIARY FOR 1840 AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1840.*

LAUS DEO.

Dinner party at home, Tom Hill, Blanchard, Stone, Thompson, Collinson, Hullah and wife, Maclise, Forster, Kate and I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1840.

At work on Sketches of Young Couples. Visited Mr. Upcott.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1840.

Forster to dinner at five sharp.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1840.

Thinking about notions for my new periodical all the morning; a new plan, in weekly parts at three pence, and monthly at one shilling, to baffle the imitators and make it as novel as possible. Dined with Chapman and Hall at five and thought about title of new work all the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1840.*

At home all day and evening, correcting proofs of Young Couples and considering new work in all possible ways. Qy. Title. Old Humphrey's Clock, Master Humphrey's Clock.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1840.

Decided on title, Master Humphrey's Clock—hope no confusion between "Master" and a boy.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1840.

Commenced to write first weekly number new work, but disturbed by note from Forster. Saw Mitton.

MONDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1840.

Wrote to George Cattermole regarding illustrations. Told him Maclise would also join in; require special and delicate wood-cuts in the text.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1840.

Received from Talfourd copy of his new play, "Glencoe," on which Macready was singularly warm the other evening at dinner, although he doesn't know the name of the author; promises to play it at the Haymarket in May. In return sent T. copy of the first number of projected work, anxious to have his idea about it.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840.

Piazza Coffee House to dine with Maclise in honour of his election as R.A. Stanfield, Macready, Forster also. Mac. much exhilarated in more ways than one with his honour.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1840.

Went to Windsor with Maclise and Forster, all three being particularly interested in the marriage of the Queen. Prowled about the castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms—nay, the very bed-chamber, lighted up with such ruddy, homely brilliant glow. Mac. and

* Entries marked thus are the entries made in the original diary.

I profess raving love for the Queen ; a great joke to pass on to friends must write to Thompson about it.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1840.

Kate and I dine with Mr. and Mrs. Rolls. Macready, Boxall, and Lady Henrietta Churchill.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1840.

John Overs sent me another literary effort—a striking performance by one who writes under so many disadvantages. Have advised him where to place it.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1840.

Have on hand sufficient for three numbers of the Clock, and first two chapters of Barnaby Rudge. Have reintroduced the Wellers, father and son, in Master Humphrey.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1840.

Macready called about the advertisement in the Examiner ; showed him what I intended to write to Bentley ; but he didn't approve of it.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1840.

Asked Forster to dine with us to-morrow at a quarter before four. He will write to Landor ; Mitton has taken places on the Bath coach for Saturday ; don't know when it starts.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1840.

Chapman and Hall to-day publish "Sketches of Young Couples," price 3/-.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29TH, 1840.

Coach to Bath, with Forster and Maclise, to see Landor on his birthday. We sleep at the York House hotel. Lunched vigorously at two arrived here about eight. No mention of Burnett singing at the theatre according to the posters ; must investigate the truth. Has he been here at all ? Forster mightily amused.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1840.

Saw Landor at 35 Saint James's Square. We celebrated his birthday regally. Much toasting.

MONDAY, MARCH 2ND, 1840.

Again at Landor's ; have a curious fancy for a story about a child, a little girl, wandering the countryside with her grandfather.

Looking forward to return on Wednesday night and to see my love again, and the darling babs.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1840.

More struck with the little child story than ever.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1840.

Home again at six in morning after all-night coach journey. Thinking out the new idea. The Old Curiosity Shop Dealer and the Child ; The Old Curiosity Shop. Wrote to Forster.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1840.

Title must be The Old Curiosity Shop.

MONDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1840.

Very pleased with Cattermole's drawings; wrote to him to say so

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1840.

Heard from S. A. Dietzman who has clothed me in the Germa garb; says it is his first English letter. Suggests he comes to Engla to visit me; no further translations yet awhile.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1840.

To Forster's, where met Macready.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22ND, 1840.

Harley to dinner six sharp. Have decided to write all Mas Humphrey's Clock myself; no need for the managerial associatio with Beard to which I had certainly looked forward. Must tell th dear fellow so in kindest tones; something may yet happen to brin about desired connection.

MONDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1840.

Pleasant weather; fine enough for a river trip to Gravesend, sai Kate this morning. Ask Forster.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1840.

Called on Macready; walked with him to Forster's, calling fo Maclise on the way. An excellent dinner with Chitty, Tom Hil Jerdan, Stanfield, Procter, and Fox.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1840.

Somebody writes to say they have formed a Nickleby Club, an remembered me in their flowing cups last Thursday. How pleasan and cheerful this recollection. A good number this month.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1840.

To Richmond at night with Forster and Mac.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD, 1840.

According to my resolve to celebrate the first publication of a ne work, Kate, Forster, and I make a little trip to the Midlands. Fir stage to-day, Birmingham. Forster joins us to-morrow.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1840.

Forster brings the good news that Master Humphrey's Clock, pub lished this day, has sold out the first working of 60,000 copies, and tha orders are in hand for 10,000 more.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1840.

Alfred* came over from Tamworth for a few days with a glowin account of his progress as a student-engineer. A merry evenin planning for to-morrow.

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1840.

A fine day; carriage to Stratford, where we bowed our heads the Birthplace. Forster eloquent. Out to Ann Hathaway's; Ka estatic. Then to Johnson's house at Lichfield.

* His younger brother.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1840.

A remarkable predicament to-day ; Forster came away without his purse—didn't notice it until this morning as I had been the paymaster. Alfred, as usual, with only a few shillings ; it was he who suggested Forster and I should pledge our watches, which we did for £15 ; Alfred was our emissary. I could not venture such a task ; too mindful of the Camden Town days.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1840.

Back home ; well refreshed ; getting on well with Dick Swiveller ; he'll make a hit ; Sophy Wackles ! ! ! Macready called and I walked with him as far as Regent Street.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1840.

Overs's new effort not so good ; nevertheless advise him to offer it somewhere. To Macready's for dinner ; Kate and I, Forster, Maclise and Etty.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1840.

Kate says Miss Ayrton wants my autograph. Write to her to say I shall demand the usual seal when next we meet. The Clock goes gloriously. I thank God for this great hit.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1840.

Soirée at Lord Northampton's, Piccadilly. Called for Macready and we walked there together. Met Babbage, Maclise, Etty, Pickersgill, Stanfield, Jerdan, Cartwright, Sir David Wilkie, and others.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1840.

Visited Macready's new house in Clarence Terrace ; walked home with him and gave him No. 3 of the Clock just arrived from the publishers.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1840.

Macready and his wife to dinner.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1840.

Dined with Hall. Letter with imperative demands received from Father in Alphington . . . "vital questions," etc., etc.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1840.*

At two. Meeting the Committee for Dowton's retiring benefit in the Committee Room of C.G.T.

MONDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1840.

At Rochester.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1840.

Lady Holland invited me for to-day, but at so short notice cannot go ; must finish the number.

TUESDAY, MAY 12TH, 1840.

Took a rustic walk with Maclise. In my absence Leigh Hunt's son Thornton called with a letter from his father, introducing him to me.

* Entries marked thus are the entries made in the original diary.

Should have been exceedingly glad to shake him by the hand; and will write to Hunt to tell him so—though he comes without a letter in his pocket.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20TH, 1840.

Forster tells me that Jerdan on behalf of Bentley has opened negotiations at last for transferring my works to Chapman and Hall. In his and Mitton's hands. May they prosper, and quickly.

THURSDAY, MAY 21ST, 1840.

With Forster to rehearsal of "Glencoe." Forster's impetuosity led him to prompt Macready more than once, much to the latter's annoyance.

FRIDAY, MAY 22ND, 1840.

The traitorous publisher Moxon gave away the secret of the authorship of "Glencoe" to Wordsworth, Browning, Tom Hill and Heaven knows who besides; so Macready, who called this morning, informed me. Macready says the disclosure must be kept quiet. Went post haste to see Talfourd at Guildhall; but Court closed; so returned home and wrote a letter.

SATURDAY, MAY 23RD, 1840.

"Glencoe" at Haymarket. Great success; at the conclusion Macready announced the true authorship, to much applause. Afterwards in his room where found Talfourd mightily pleased.

SUNDAY, MAY 24TH, 1840.

With Talfourd, called for Macready and went on to Rogers's to dinner with an exceptional company, Lord and Lady Seymour, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Lord Denman, Poole, Luttrell, Miss Rogers.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27TH, 1840.

Dined with the Smithsons; took Mac with me. Talk of Ramsgate where they are going next week turned my thoughts to our dear Broadstairs. Why not go Monday; can work on Clock there better than in town these sunny days.

MONDAY, JUNE 1ST, 1840.

Broadstairs. Came here this morning. 37 Albion Street. Will stay a month, and please God come back for another month in September. Qy. find a cabin at Cobham for manly sports in July-August. Before I tasted bit or drop, set out my writing-table with extreme taste and neatness, and arranged the furniture. Must ask Beard and Mac down. Boat every Saturday morning.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH, 1840.

Finished No. XII Old Curiosity Shop; a good 'un if there ever was. The next No. will finish the part at rather a good point, I expect.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH, 1840.

Lovely excursion to Pegwell Bay. On arriving home found disquieting letter from Father. Must consult Mitton. Met Smithson at Ramsgate.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1840.

Up every morning the past two weeks at 7, and finish regularly every day at 2. Another No. will be finished on Friday, please God. It takes a long time doing. Mitton's trouble with Smithson troubles me too. Fear a dissolution of the partnership the only remedy.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1840.

Began No. 15 this morning at half-past eight, worked steadily till four ; very pretty subject, the child and the old man getting gradually out of town through neighbourhoods of different and various characters.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1840.

George Chapman asks me to visit him, but greatly as I admire forest scenery and old bachelors, I dare not leave my desk. I came here to escape the miscalled pleasure of town, which are pains and penalties to me, and I must put a resolute constraint upon myself to keep the shadow of my giant work perpetually before me.

MONDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1840.

Maclise and Forster came for the express purpose of posting home with me. Rochester, Cobham, and well-remembered scenes to-day, and to-morrow, and then home, and a final clearance with the brigand of Burlington Street.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST, 1840.

Home again last night. Forster has arranged the Bentley-Chapman meetings.

THURSDAY, JULY 2ND, 1840.

Chapman and Hall clear me with Bentley entirely,* lock stock and barrel for £2,250. My final agreement with B. signed ; Mitton witnessed the signatures. I feel a free man. They repay themselves out of a new work, Barnaby Rudge, of which two chapters are in their hands, and have a lien on all my earlier works, in case it should not be written—which God forbid. I receive £3,000 for a six months copyright.

FRIDAY, JULY 3RD, 1840.

Went into the city and Bevis Marks to find a house for Sampson Brass. Roamed among the Jews of Houndsditch and found myself in Moorgate ; Home by cab by way of City Road.

SUNDAY, JULY 5TH, 1840.

Beard to dinner at six, with a walk beforehand.

TUESDAY, JULY 7TH, 1840.

At last my search for a suitable keepsake for Forster as a recognition of his great help in my freedom from the Bentley bondage ; an antique silver-mounted jug, most elegant to me, for I lose sight of the jug in the crowd of welcome associations that are clustering about it.

THURSDAY, JULY 9TH, 1840.

Met Leigh Hunt at dinner. In his speech he shows an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the language—with the faintest smack of wine running through it.

* Agreement with Bentley, see *Dickensian*, 1935, p. 251.

FRIDAY, JULY 10TH, 1840.

Delighted to have been able to do a service to Leigh Hunt's son recommended him for the post of Librarian of the Western Literary Institute.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15TH, 1840.

Magnificent evening at Miss Coutts's.

SUNDAY, JULY 19TH, 1840.

An American has asked me for the MS. of Oliver. I wish I had it as it would one day have an interest for my children. I spared him a page from my small store.

FRIDAY, JULY 24TH, 1840.

Sent Mitton cheque (dated 6th next month) for my Life Insurance. He must come to us at Broadstairs in September.

A disquieting letter from Father. Kate and I—and the No. of the Old Curiosity Shop must go to Alphington to-morrow. I can ill spare the time.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH, 1840.

The Telegraph is a monstrously dangerous coach; twice we were nearly over. The hills are very steep and the pace tremendous.

FRIDAY, JULY 31ST, 1840.

Alphington. I don't believe there is anywhere such a perfect doll's house as this. Beautifully kept. They *seem* to be perfectly contented. I wonder how father had the heart to write as he did. Finished my number; shall write to Forster that we shall be home on Tuesday evening, please God.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4TH, 1840.

By Telegraph coach again to London arriving home in the evening. Baby extremely unwell; called in Pickthorn.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH, 1840.

Dined at Dr. Elliotson's, where met Townshend. Baby no better. Pickthorn advised calling in Dr. Davis.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1840.

Cattermole to dinner; discussed the *frontispiece* and a dozen other matters.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1840.

Baby improved greatly, but still very thin and paler than she should be. Everybody hurrying out of town—the two great theatres are shut up—and all the watering places are crammed with hot people.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1840.

Asked Cattermole to draw special picture for *frontispiece* to first volume; a pretty fanciful thing not necessarily illustrative of any incident. Will dedicate it to Rogers; wrote to him.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1840.

Macready, Forster, and Maclise to dinner. Forster more than usually headstrong, causing heated and personal retorts between us. I lost my temper, and reminded him he was in my house, and asked him to leave. Kate in tears. Macready tactfully intervened, but Forster very loth to accept my apology, nor would he in turn apologise, but sa

silent the rest of the evening. Am much grieved, and yet not penitent, and cannot be, reason with myself as I will. With all my regard for Forster, I cannot close my eyes that there is no man, dead or alive, who tries his friends as he does. When I think of his manner, I turn burning hot and am ashamed, and degraded to have been the subject of it.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1840.

Mitton to dinner half past five.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1840.

Had a note from poor Mrs. Macrone this morning enquiring after her book and imploring me not to delay getting the money for her fatherless children. Greatley pained and grieved. Wrote Colburn.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1840.

Macready called and we walked together. Visited the sale of Louis Napoleon's effects. Talked of Forster, his trying ways, and supercilious airs to give the idea he is a patron. But he has a thousand good points in contrast.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1840.

Dinner party, Fanny, Macready, Maclise, Talfourd, Fletcher, and Forster.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1840.

Baby christened Kate Macready. The officiating clergyman had little regard for the service ; nearly half-way through a second child was introduced, whose sponsors were thus denied the first part. Macready particularly horrified at such a procedure. After lunch took a walk with Macready and Fletcher to Cold Bath Fields. Returned to a jolly family dinner-party, Burnetts, Charltons, Maclise, Macready, Jerdan, Harley, Forster, Miss Ayrton.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1840.

Mitton to dinner, five. Secured Lawn House, Broadstairs, from next Sunday ; a very good one ; unsuccessful in obtaining the house high upon the cliffs which I much admire.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 1840.*

Entered upon house at Broadstairs for five weeks.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1840.

Angus Fletcher and Prout here. Fletcher still at his queer ways, sketching all sorts of beggars and idiots ; don't know how long he is staying—there's the rub. House a most brilliant success—far more comfortable than any one we've had. Mac must come down. Commenced work.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1840.

Have effected a reform ; breakfast quarter before eight ; to work at half past ; free at one. Finished a number. Dick now Sampson's clerk. In No. 25 have touched Miss Brass lightly, but effectively, I hope.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1840.*

Put down names at the libraries.

* Entries marked thus are the entries made in the original diary.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1840.

Finished dedication to Rogers and preface. Thinking over latte so long that am decidedly stupid. Qy. should I refer to absurd rumo of my having gone mad, and being treated in an asylum.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1840.

These reports—the latest from Chapman and Hall's, knock me dow flat. It is intolerable ; been grinding my teeth all the morning.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1840.

Corrected proofs No. 26. Must mention in Preface absurd ravin mad story—perhaps leave out " raving " Kate is for it, Mitton agains He's sublimely absurd ; Fletcher horribly mad.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1840.

Alarming report reaches me of Fletcher preaching. On investigatio found he was reading Wordsworth to a family on the Terrace. Aft that he gave them an imitation of Mrs. Hemans reading her ow poetry, with handkerchief over his head to imitate her veil—all this i public, before everybody.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1840.

Have confirmation now that Fletcher howls like a dog when h first touches the water whilst bathing. There is no sound on eart like it ; so diabolical.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1840.

Nos. 36 and 37 done. The way is clear for Kit now and for the grea effect at the last with Marchioness.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1840.

Eleven slips to Chapman and Hall to-day. Suffered all night an during greater part of yesterday with inflammation of face ; rheuma tism, tic doloreux, or what not. Various fomentations, no relief.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1840.

Busy with proofs No. 30 ; fine description of road Forster and travelled between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Return t Devonshire Terrace next week—Wednesday or Friday.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1840.

Home again after six weeks' absence. Making arrangements f Clock dinner, Tuesday week.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14TH, 1840.

An aspiring young solicitor's clerk in Exeter has asked me to rea some poems ; he is so earnest and genuine that I have succumbed, an told him I will read them if he sends them to me.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17TH, 1840.

Kate, Forster, Maclise, and I dined with Macready, who read a ne play, " Gisippus," after dinner.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20TH, 1840.

All the Clock corps dine here at half past six, including Gray, th engraver of the pictures, in celebration of the first volume.

Monday, October 26th, 1840.

Forster unwell; got him to try my special pills. Nose to the grindstone ever since *the* dinner.

Saturday, November 7th, 1840.

At the Adelphi all day making improvements in Yates's play on the Old Curiosity Shop. Bedford lacks invention; provided him many pieces bye-play. Yates makes a good Quilp.

Monday, November 9th, 1840.

Haven't the heart to see the play to-night; but Fred takes Kate. The thing may be better than I expect, but I have no faith in it.

Tuesday, November 10th, 1840.

Dine at Macready's, six. Utterly exhausted with yesterday's labours; to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. Pursued all night by the child; this morning am unrefreshed and miserable. Have arranged to go with Mac and Forster in the carriage to Hampstead at two—and take a long walk, if it don't rain in bucketsfull. Ask Mac. to do a picture—think he'll like the subject of Nell and the sexton.

Thursday, November 12th, 1840.

Just put the finishing touches to the number. Difficulty tremendous, anguish unspeakable. Mac. to dine with me at Forster's half-past five. Take MS.

Tuesday, November 17th, 1840.

Forster, Kate, and I dined with Macready. After dinner he read Bulwer's new play, "Money." I never thought Bulwer could do anything so good.

Wednesday, November 18th, 1840.

Called on Cruikshank about illustrations for Mrs. Macrone's book, which is ripe and ready. Poor thing, she needs the help sadly.

Friday, November 20th, 1840.

Mitton in the evening. If Smithson retires, his name must remain in the business; madness otherwise.

Tuesday, November 24th, 1840.

Inundated with imploring letters recommending poor little Nell to mercy. Six yesterday and four to-day (it's not 12 o'clock) already.

Wednesday, November 25th, 1840.

Read the young solicitor's clerk's poems with much interest; he has deep feeling and strong sympathy. But has much to learn; took an hour writing him a long critical and I hope helpful letter.

Monday, November 30th, 1840.

Mustn't advertise Barnaby yet; consider the height and stir of present story.

Sunday, December 6th, 1840.

Overs to call, eleven to half past one.

Monday, December 7th, 1840.

Another letter about the meetings of the Nickleby Club this morning.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8TH, 1840.

Lytton's play, "Money," at Haymarket.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH, 1840.

Call on Cruikshank, four.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12TH, 1840.

Received from Lytton copy of his new play. Shall tell him what I told Macready that I could not call to mind any play since The Good Natured Man so full of real, distinct, genuine character. Lord Ashley sent me his speech on Children's Employment. I curse the present system with all my heart and soul. Has fatal effects in keeping down thousands upon thousands of God's images.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, 1840.

Interesting letter from Dr. Southwood Smith about his activities: must get to know each other better. Children's Employment Commission.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1840.

Forster objects to the word "flavour" coming from the Marchioness. "Seasoning" is the better word from her. But "flavour is a common word among cooks and so I used it. The story must close with No. 45. At work now on No. 41. Qy. this number to contain announcement of Barnaby? Glad Forster likes Dick and the Marchioness in that sixty-fourth chapter. Thought he would.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21ST, 1840.

Sent Cattermole details for special picture.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1840.

Further details to do; description of the dead child. "She'll come to-morrow." I am breaking my heart over this story and cannot bear to finish it.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1840.

Christmas Eve; rather quiet on account of Kate. Smithsons came and we played charades.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1840.

Called on Macready with Forster and walked in the Park.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1840.

Another critical helpful (I hope) letter to Overs.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1840.*

Memo.

To answer Harness invitation for January 7th at 9 Heathcote Street.

Do. case of distress, Agnes Turner, 102 New Road, Chelsea.

Subscription £1, Shakespeare Society.

Do. London Library. £5 Messrs. Bouverie & Co., 11 Haymarket. First Annual Subscription (£2), May 1st, 1841.

W. H. Harrison, Crown Life Office, 33 New Bridge Street, concerning his paper for Mrs. Macrone's book.

* Entries marked thus are the entries made in the original diary.

POE AND THE "MESSENGER"

By LEO MASON

I.

IN the "Tale of Three Authors" published in the Spring Number, it was mentioned that Edgar Allan Poe commenced his literary career as a journalist on the staff of the "Southern Literary Messenger." He joined the staff about the middle of 1835 and was appointed Editor-in-Chief at the commencement of the following year.

During that year the following two critical reviews appeared:

From "The Southern Literary Messenger," Richmond, Va.
Vol. II, No. 7. June 1836.

WATKINS TOTTLE

Watkins Tottle, and other Sketches, illustrative of every-day Life, and every-day People. By Boz. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

"This book is a re-publication from the English original, and many of its sketches are with us old and highly esteemed acquaintances. In regard to their author we know nothing more than that he is a far more pungent, more witty, and better disciplined writer of sly articles, than nine-tenths of the magazine writers in Great Britain—which is saying much, it must be allowed, when we consider the great variety of genuine talent, and earnest application brought to bear upon the periodical literature of the mother country.

"The very first passage in the volumes before us, will convince any of our friends who are knowing in the requisites of 'a good thing,' that we are doing our friend Boz no more than the simplest species of justice. Hearken to what he says of Matrimony and of Mr. Watkins Tottle. . . .

"It is not every one who can put 'a good thing' properly together, although, perhaps, when thus properly put together, every tenth person you meet with may be capable of both conceiving and appreciating it. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that less actual ability is required in the composition of a really good 'brief article,' than in a fashionable novel of the usual dimensions. The novel certainly requires what is denominated a sustained effort—but this is a matter of mere perseverance, and has but a collateral relation to talent. On the other hand, unity of effect, a quality not easily appreciated or indeed comprehended by an ordinary mind, and a *desideratum* difficult of attainment, even by those who can conceive it, is indispensable in the 'brief article,' and not so in the common novel. The latter, if admired at all, is admired for its detached passages, without reference to the work as a whole—or without reference to any general design—which, if it even exist in some measure, will be found to have occupied but little of the writer's attention, and cannot, from the length of the narrative, be taken in at one view, by the reader.

"The *Sketches by Boz* are all exceedingly well managed, and never fail to *tell* us what the author intended. They are entitled . . . . The reader who has been so fortunate as to have perused any one of these pieces, will be fully aware of how great a fund of racy entertainment is included in the Bill of Fare we have given. There are here some as well conceived and well written papers as can be found in any other

collection of the kind—many of them we would especially recommend as a study, to those who turn their attention to magazine writing—department in which, generally, the English as far excel us as Hyperion a Satyr.

"*The Black Veil*, in the present series, is distinct in character from all the rest—an act of stirring tragedy, and evincing lofty powers in the writer. Broad humor is, however, the pervading feature of the volumes. *The Dancing Academy* is a vivid sketch of Cockney low life, which may probably be considered as somewhat too *outrè* by those who have no experience in the matter. *Watkins Tottle* is excellent. We should like very much to copy the whole of the article entitled *Pawnbrokers' Shops*, with a view of contrasting its matter and manner with the insipidity of the passage we have just quoted on the same subject from the 'Ups and Downs' of Colonel Stone, and by way of illustrating our remarks on the unity of effect—but this would, perhaps, be giving too much of a good thing. It will be seen by those who peruse both these articles, that in that of the American, two or three anecdotes are told which have merely a relation—a very shadowy relation, to pawnbroking—in short, they are barely elicited by the theme, have no necessary dependence upon it, and might be introduced equally well in connection with any one of a million other subjects. In the sketch of the Englishman we have no anecdotes at all—the pawnbroker's shop engages and enchains our attention—we are developed in its atmosphere of wretchedness and extortion—we pause at every sentence, not to dwell upon the sentence, but to obtain a fuller view of the gradually perfecting picture—which is never at any moment any other matter than the pawnbroker's shop. To the illustration of this one end all the groupings and fillings-in of the painting are rendered subservient—and when our eyes are taken from the canvas, we remember the personages of the sketch not at all as independent existences, but as essentials of the one subject we have witnessed—as a part and portion of the pawnbrokers' shops. A perfect and never-to-be-forgotten a picture cannot be brought about by any such trumpery exertion, or still more trumpery talent, as we find employed in the ineffective daubing of Colonel Stone. The scratchings of a schoolboy with a slate-pencil on a slate might as well be compared to the groupings of Buonarotti.

"We conclude by strongly recommending the Sketches of Boz to the attention of American readers, and by copying the whole of the article on *Gin Shops*."

II.

From "The Southern Literary Messenger," Richmond, Va. Vol. II, No. 12. November 1836.

THE PICKWICK CLUB

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by "Boz." Philadelphia; Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

"In our June 'Messenger' we spoke at some length of the 'Watkins Tottle and other papers' by 'Boz.' We then expressed a high opinion of the comic power, and of the rich imaginative conception of Mr. Dickens—an opinion which *The Pickwick Club* has fully sustained. The author possesses nearly every desirable quality in a writer

fiction, and has withal a thousand negative virtues. In his delineation of Cockney life he is rivalled only by the author of ' Peter Snook,' while in efforts of a far loftier and more difficult nature, he has greatly surpassed the best of the brief tragic pieces of Bulwer, or of Warren. Just now, however, we can only express our opinion that his general powers as a prose writer are equalled by few. The work is to be continued, and hereafter we may give at some length the considerations which have led us to this belief. From the volume before us we quote the concluding portion of a vigorous sketch, entitled ' A Madman's MS.' The writer is supposed to be an hereditary madman, and to have laboured under the disease for many years, but to have been conscious of his condition, and thus, by a strong effort of the will, to have preserved his secret from the eyes of even his most intimate friends."

The authorship of these reviews does not appear to have been established, but after perusal of the works of Edgar Allan Poe and having in mind especially his essay on " Peter Snook " which contains certain observations akin to some of those expressed in the two reviews, we feel confident in stating that they are the work of Poe.

It might be mentioned in passing that the author of " Peter Snook " was, according to Poe, " one of the best of the English journalists, and one who has some of the happiest peculiarities of Dickens, whom he preceded in the popular favour."

Peter Snook, the hero of the tale, was adjudged by Poe to be the beau ideal of a Cockney and was a retail linen draper who experienced many misfortunes during his pursuit of a Miss Clarinda Bodkin, " a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making."

III.

Towards the end of 1836, Poe received an invitation to join the staff of a new literary enterprise called " The New York Quarterly Review." Dr. Hawkes, one of the promoters, in writing to Poe, said, " I wish you to fall in with your broad axe amidst this miserable literary trash that surrounds us. I believe you have the will and I know you have the ability."

Accordingly, Poe took leave of the " Messenger's " readers in January 1837, " Mr. Poe's attention being called in another direction, he will decline with the present number the editorial duties of the ' Messenger.' With the best wishes to the Magazine, and to its few foes, as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceful farewell."

The next criticism on Dickens's work to appear in the " Southern Literary Messenger " was published in May 1837. It reviewed an American collection of stories in one volume entitled, " The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble " and other tales from " Bentley's Miscellany " and *Oliver Twist,* accompanied by stories from the same source. It was decidedly hostile and very bitter, as the following extracts show* :

" A writer, who chooses to be known to the literary world by the name of ' Boz,' has, for some time past, been exhibiting his antics

* The complete criticism was published in full in *The Dickensian*, 1937, pages 87—90.

before the public. We have never sought his acquaintance, for th same reason that we should avoid a fellow who might thrust himse into an assembly-room, and invite the notice of the company by th dress and grimaces of a Merry-Andrew. We would ask ourselves, i such a case, what man, capable of refinement, would choose to be buffoon ? What man, possessing a particle of self-respect, wou descend to an exhibition so degrading and disgusting ? We wou certainly suspect the intruder to be some clown of a circus or be n garden, escaped from his employer, and hold ourselves in readine at the first hint from the managers, to put him out."

" Can we be blamed for coming to a somewhat similar conclusi in the case of a writer who thinks proper to announce himself by suc a mountebank designation as that of ' Boz ' ? What right has h that we should suppose him anything better than the Jack-Puddin of a drunken club ? . . ."

". . . We undertook, and faithfully accomplished, the loathsom task of reading these volumes through. Having completed it, w determined that if, from this time forth, any of our readers suffe himself to be cheated out of his money or his time by Mr. Boz himsel or any of his associates, aiders and abetters, it shall not be our fault. . . .

". . . Mr. Boz is obviously the criterion writer by whom the re would like to be estimated. We can hardly think that Mr. Whitehea would choose to be valued by the same standard. We therefore war him against his associates, and call upon him to ' come out from amon them, for he is not of them."

" This advice will probably never reach him, but it may be of servic to our readers hereafter to recognise the name of Mr. Charles Whitehea as that of one who can write, and does write interestingly, and i good taste. It may serve an opposite and more important purpos to know, that the gentlemen who have chosen Mr. Boz as the exemplar, as far as their names are given, are Samuel Lover, T. Hayn Bayly, Douglas Jerrold, T. S. Coyne, Alexander Campbell, J. A. Wad and Hamilton Reynolds. We hope that our readers will remembe and shun them as we shall do. They are bad company, and du company ; such as we may suppose assembled at the Boar's Head i Eastcheap, when the Prince and old Jack were both absent, and wit them all the spirit and all the wit of the club. Bardolph's red no and the ' humours ' of Corporal Nym make the whole entertainment.

Charles Whitehead, whose writings are now forgotten, is well know to students of *Pickwick*. He was the editor of " The Library Fiction " and had knowledge of Dickens when the latter contribut some of his early sketches to the " Monthly Magazine."

In Forster's " Life " we read, " A new publishing house had start recently, among other enterprises ingenious rather than important, Library of Fiction ; among the authors they wished to enlist in was the writer of the *Sketches* in the ' Monthly ' ; and, to the exte of one paper during the past year, they had effected this through the editor, Mr. Charles Whitehead, a very ingenious and a very unfo tunate man. ' I was not aware,' wrote the elder member of the fir to Dickens, thirteen years later, in a letter to which reference w made in the Preface to one of the later editions of *Pickwick*, ' th you were writing in the " Chronicle," for what your name was ; b

Whitehead, who was an old "Monthly" man, recollected it, and got you to write *The Tuggs's at Ramsgate.*'"

There is also another interesting reference to Whitehead made by Dickens himself when writing to Wills (of *Household Words*). In a letter dated Paris, Sunday, 13th December, 1855: "If an article* comes to the office from Charles Whitehead, will you immediately read it, and—unless it be out of the question: which I hope it won't be—immediately get it cast off, and immediately pay for it: with a turn of the scale in his favour? He is going to New Zealand." The principal point of interest, however, lies in the well-known fact that when Seymour, the artist, required someone to provide a write-up to his drawings in the days which immediately preceded *Pickwick*, it was Charles Whitehead who *recommended* Charles Dickens as being *the* most talented and suitable writer for the project, which of course was just the reverse of what the American critic considered him likely to do.

IV.

The review evidently caused a certain amount of indignation among the readers of the "Messenger" and the reviewer found it necessary to try and substantiate some of his more vapid remarks in a further critique published four months later.

". . . We have said that we had thought ourselves fairly entitled to public thanks for the operation already performed on Tulrumble and Twist. The reader will therefore appreciate our astonishment on finding that this very act had aroused a host of enemies, by whom a shower of puny missiles have been launched against us. . . ."

"At the same time we are soundly and rudely censured, because of the alleged merit of a work (*The Pickwick Papers*) which we, professedly, had never seen. It seems, too, that we are to look for the highest proof of excellence, even in that work, to a volume which, we believe, had not issued from the press when our article was penned. It certainly had not then made its appearance in the south, and it was not until some weeks afterwards that we saw it announced in the papers. Then it came with a flourishing of trumpets, with the cabalistic name 'Boz ! Boz ! ! Boz ! ! ! ' prefixed to the annunciation. Under these circumstances we procured and read it; and, that we might do it all justice, we read the two preceding volumes. We now proceed to examine it; and when we have got through our work, we hope not to be told that it is in the *Tuggs's at Ramsgate* or *Watkins Tottle* or some other piece of low buffoonery that we are to look for evidences of the writer's merit. . . ."

". . . What shall we say to a writer who, having a name derived from his ancestors, and another conferred by his sponsors in baptism, renounces both, and takes by preference the vulgar designation of 'Boz'? We feel that the assumption of such a name was an insult to his countrymen. The republication of his vulgar absurdities was an insult to the people of Philadelphia, and the dissemination of them is an insult to the whole continent. We trust that Virginia will resent such part of it as falls to her share, and that the failure of this attempt

* "Nemesis" by C. Whitehead. *Household Words*, April 19th—26th, 1856.

to palm on her the disgusting trash contained in these volumes may discourage the like attempts in future. It shall not be our fault if a copy of this publication is sold on this side of the Potomac. . . ."

". . . We repeat that we have no quarrel with Mr. D., and admit that he has considerable powers. Our quarrel is not with him, but with (he must excuse the word) his keepers. It is his misfortune to possess a talent, the abuse of which renders him acceptable to that class of readers by whom meretricious arts are preferred to modest grace. This is therefore *his public*. By this he is debauched and corrupted, and to this he prostitutes himself. We pity him, and would, if it were possible, shame them. . . ."

It will be readily observed by the reader that the two later reviews contained a great deal of abuse and vituperation, whereas the two previous ones, written by Poe, were the considered judgment of a well-balanced literary critic.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this article was written, our belief, expressed on page 165 that the two reviews were the work of Poe, has been confirmed. We find that the third paragraph in the review headed "Watkins Tottle," appears to be a definition of "Brevity" amongst several other similar items preserved by Poe under the title of "Marginalia" and published in his Collected Works.

LOYAL SENTIMENTS FROM BRISBANE

In his Presidential Address to the Brisbane Branch, Dr. R. Hamlyn Harris said he rejoiced at the thought that the British Empire stands firm and unscathed in this moment of national crisis, and it was further a soothing thought for the members of the Dickens Fellowship to realise that their Society, which is intensely English, is loyal to the great traditions which have made our British race so human and so great.

"Long may the Dickensian spirit of goodwill, its love of justice and decency, hold sway in our midst. At this time, when we may ask ourselves whether Europe is not in danger of being dehumanised, in danger of losing the values that have distinguished us from beasts or devils, the memory of Charles Dickens comes like a breath of redeeming sanity. There never was a writer who faced the grim realities of his own day with such passionate determination to drive home the wrong. His immense and vital humour, together with all his great qualities, sets Dickens above all English writers, and his simple, human kindness outvalues all that can be measured in time and space; and we ourselves see the necessity of keeping sane with our faces towards the future.

"The world needs sane statesmanship, just peace in politics, and love of fellowmen in race, class and nationality; may we, by our love of a great humanitarian, help to foster that spirit in the difficult years to come."

Dr. Hamlyn-Harris stressed the necessity of enrolling more young people into the Fellowship, so that they, in due course, will be well prepared to take up the work of the Fellowship when the older generation is forced to lay it down.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

WALTER BAGEHOT

" While he was still quite young, his mother read him Scott and Dickens.

" He makes too great a virtue of Dickens's purity, too black a crime of Thackeray's ' suggestiveness.'

" He exalts the ' symmetrical genius ' of Plato above the ' irregular genius ' of Dickens.

" His dictum that ' pleasing is the condition of art ' leads him to reprehend not only the monstrosities of Browning, but the paupers and beggars of Dickens. . . . Farther along he applies this objection specifically to the poor of Dickens : ' His poor people have taken to their poverty very thoroughly ; they are poor talkers and poor livers, and in all ways poor people to read about.' *Oliver Twist*, however much it ' dates ' is after all still read by the few that read literature of the past.

" Character portrayal which disregards moral responsibility is but caricature. Mr. Pickwick, because he is not ' a moral agent ' is pronounced a ' vivified accident.' Falstaff, because no one dreams of holding him down to ' the ten Commandments and the statute-law ' is declared not a man, but ' a sort of sackholding paunch.' In general : ' It is amusing to read of beings *out* of the laws of morality, but it is more profoundly interesting, as well as more instructive, to read of those whose life in its moral conditions resembles our own.' For this reason, the ' grotesque exaggerations ' of Dickens can never be compared with ' the great works of the real painters of essential human nature.'

" Dickens's concept of character is not only unsuitable to a significant action, but his mind is incapable of putting together an orderly sequence of events.

" The ' unsymmetrical genius ' of Dickens . . . is probed with the cold detachment of a surgeon . . .

" Charles Dickens's later novels largely undid the good accomplished by his earlier. In the earlier he aroused the people against real abuses ; in the later he continued dangerously and unnecessarily to excite the public mind after the abuses had all been removed."—" Walter Bagehot," by W. Irvine. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

MATTHEW ARNOLD

" The National Schools used the method of Bell, the British Schools used that of Lancaster ; both systems were designed for cheapness—they were a kind of development of Bentham's ' panopticon ' jail by which a single teacher, with the help of student monitors, could control, if not teach, hundreds of pupils. . . . A good notion of the quality of a relatively well-run school may be had from the opening chapter of *Hard Times* (1854). The improvement in the system is reflected in *Our Mutual Friend*, written ten years later ; but even in 1864 a large part of the story can turn on the struggle of the schoolmaster, Mr. Headstone, for self-respect in the face of social contempt of his profession ; and the priggish formalism of the method and content of popular education is still the object of Dickens's brilliant satire.

" But one of the great comic moments of the nineteenth century is

Dickens's unmasking of Gradgrind*: so far from having started life in the gutter with only a shirt, the enterprising manufacturer had had a comfortable home, a devoted mother, and a nice little capital. Arnold undertook to unmask the Gradgrind conception of genius and poetic success.

"But certainly, though Arnold might put off the working class future, it was not out of admiration for the middle class. If Dotheboys Hall and Mr. Creakle represented middle class education, Mr. Murdstone and Miss Murdstone represented the middle class culture, religion, and way of life, and to them Arnold had no idea of trusting anyone's future."—"Matthew Arnold," by Lionel Trilling. (Allen.)

* * * * *

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

"Something about the name of Eaton Socon sends me back in thought to Nicholas Nickleby. Of course, Eaton Socon is 'Eton Slocumb.' Why Dickens, with all his agility in manufacturing typical 'Dickensian' names, should have changed the name is rather problematic for Eaton Socon was certainly worthy of adoption as it stood. Dickens cannot usually be accused of hiding the identity of his place names, but here was one ready made for him and he did not use it.

"Nicholas, Mr. Squeers, and the miserable little boys did the journey along the route under far different conditions from those which I am experiencing. 'The weather was intensely and bitterly cold; a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen.' . . . Was it the 'White Horse' that brought circulation back to frozen fingers and warmed the cockles of dejected hearts, or was it the 'Cock'? Experts in Dickens lore may wrangle over the point but when pulling in to Eaton Socon the 'White Horse' seems to deserve the credit. It looks as if it has spent its days ministering pleasure and protection. The large bay windows which face the road may not be as old as the fifteenth-century portion, not even contemporary with the extensive wings, but they do not disguise the fact that the inn would appeal to Dickens.

"Grantham: the 'George'—no wonder the more fortunate passengers broke their journey here on that dismal journey to Dotheboys Hall. Nickleby himself could not anticipate such an enviable termination to his journey; he had to carry on through the night, stiff, frozen, hungry, and full of forebodings as to the future. 'One of the best inns in England,' Dickens said of the 'George,' and he was a traveller of wide discriminating judgment."—"Along the Great North Road," by W. C. Boswell. (Jarrolds.)

* * * * *

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"Dickens expressed the common attitude when he said that the Public Schools are fundamentally all right even though 'we may differ about the curriculum and other matters.'

"Dickens, for example, 'took occasion' in 1858 'to declare his belief that there were no institutions in England so socially liberal as its public schools, and that there was nowhere in the country such complete an absence of servility to mere rank, position, or riches. 'A boy there, is always what his abilities or his personal qualities make him . . . of the frank, free, manly, independent spirit preserved in our public schools, I apprehend there can be no kind of question.'

* This should be Bounderby.—EDITOR.

"Dickens revolted against the cramming system, and his remarks are particularly interesting because he laid the blame for present conditions on the old studies, not on the new ones. In *Dombey and Son* he satirized a forcing system for the precocious. Dr. Blimber's school with its studies that 'went round like a mighty wheel,' on which 'the young gentlemen were always stretched,' is an exaggeration of what must often have occurred at Shrewsbury. In *Bleak House* he directly attacked the public schools and made a passionate plea for that variety and individual attention which alone could produce love of learning and intellectual independence. Richard Carstone 'had been eight years at a public school, and had learned, I understand, to make Latin verses of several sorts, in the most admirable manner. But I never heard that it had been anyone's business to find out what his natural bent was, or where his failing lay, or to adapt any kind of knowledge to *him*. *He* had been adapted to the verses, and had learned the art of making them to such perfection, that if he had remained at school until he was of age I suppose he could only have gone on making them over and over again, unless he had enlarged his education by forgetting how to do it.' Never having been guided or taught to think for himself, he never found his purpose in life. The trouble lay in the 'system which had addressed him in exactly the same manner as it had addressed hundreds of other boys, all varying in character and capacity.' 'I wonder,' Dickens added, 'whether the Latin verses often ended in this, or whether Richard's was a solitary case.'"—"Public Schools and British Opinion, 1780 to 1860," by Edward C. Mack. (Methuen.)

* * * * *

NAOMI JACOB

"I was brought up, as you might say, on Charles Dickens . . . lying on your stomach in front of the fire with a huge volume of *David Copperfield*, able to read and understand, to be terrified by Rosa Dartle and Uriah Heep, to laugh about the Micawbers, and feel a queer kind of half-ashamed pity for Mr. Dick.

"And of all the characters of whom I read, over whom I either shivered, or cried, sniffing away the tears, Mark Tapley remains a bright and shining light. I hope that I have always grown into something of a Mark Tapley myself, 'always hoping clouds will break,' in fact, being almost certain that they will.

"A mixture, perhaps, of Wilkins Micawber (not W. C. Fields' presentation, but Bransby Williams') and Tapley. To me the great Wilkins was never a comic character. Amusing, possibly, but too gallant to be merely funny. If he is to be regarded as a purely comic character, then as such you must regard Don Quixote and Sir John Falstaffe.

"I never felt that Dickens got the best out of his 'bad men.' They were so palpably bad that one ceased to believe that they were not merely acting. Squeers never frightened me, or Fagin; they were so obviously 'characters.' It is a pity that both Shakespeare and Dickens created two characters—Shylock and Fagin—who were so manifestly unfair to the race they were supposed to represent.

"But, in the character of Mark Tapley and Wilkins Micawber, I am always certain that the world is getting better, and every day I see reasons to prove it."—"More About Me," by Naomi Jacob. (Hutchinson.)

MISSING WORDS OF DICKENS

1. Poetry's unnat'ral ; no man ever talked in poetry, 'cept a —— on boxin' day.
2. Orange peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own —— —, sir.
3. A literary man—with a wooden leg—and all —— is open to him.
4. Look here. Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place and say you want to ——, you know.
5. Wait till the —— is off her mind. Then we'll consult. Whatever the old girl says do, we'll do it.
6. Half a loaf is better than no bread ; the same remark holds good with ——.
7. There is no such passion in human nature, as the passion for gravy, among —— gentlemen.
8. Floored for the present, but ——.
9. Life is made up of ever so many —— welded together.
10. Subdue your appetites my dear and you've —— human natur'.
11. Under the temporary —— of pecuniary liabilities.
12. Under an —— of staggerers, no man can be considered a free agent.
13. Take example by your father, my boy ; be —— careful o' widders all your life.
14. Now we look compact and comfortable, as the father said when he cut his little boy's head off to cure him of ——.
15. —— comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round, we shall make this earth a very different place.
16. Never you mind about the ——. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the —— alone and I'll let you alone.
17. The words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, —— could not forgive—nor worms forget.
18. People mutht be —— somehow ; they can't be alwayth a-working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a-learning.
19. We never knows wot's hidden in each other's —— ; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shutters up. some on us, I do assure you.
20. It's not madness, ma'am, it's ——. You've overfed him, ma'am.
21. The unities of the drama before everything. The unities, sir, are a completeness . . . a sort of general —— . . .
22. I am well aware that I am the 'umblest person going, let the other be —— he may.
23. If I could —— that dear old lady's rum-and-water, I'd die happy.
24. Take nothing on its —— ; take everything on evidence.
25. If you can't get to be —— through going straight, you'll never get to do it through going crooked.
26. Repining is of no use. Of all fruitless errands, sending a —— to look after a day that is gone, is the most fruitless.
27. He had arrived at what is called in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey ——.
28. Merrily the fountain plashed and plashed until the —— merging into one another, swelled into a gentle smile that covered the whole surface of the fountain.
29. There's —— comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh.

(*Answers will be found on page* 187.)

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXXV—Home Theatricals

From "Mr. Dickens's Amateur Theatricals," by Alfred Ainger, in Macmillan's Magazine, January 1871.

ANOTHER year found us more ambitious, and with stronger resources, for Mr. Dickens himself and Mr. Mark Lemon joined our acting staff, though, with kindly consideration for their young brethren, they chose subordinate parts. In Mr. Planché's elegant and most witty fairy extravaganza of "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants," Mr. Dickens took the part of the old Baron Dunovar, whose daughters so valiantly adopt man's attire and go to the wars; Mr. Lemon contenting himself with the role of the Dragon, who is overcome by Fortunio's stratagem of adulterating the well, whither he usually resorted to quench his thirst, with a potent admixture of sherry. What fun it was, both on and off the stage! The gorgeous dresses from the eminent costumier of the Theatres Royal; our heads bewigged and our cheeks rouged by the hands of Mr. Clarkson himself; the properties from the Adelphi; the unflagging humour and suggestive resources of our manager, who took upon him the cha ge of everything, from the writing of the playbills to the composition of the punch, brewed for our refreshment between the acts, but 'craftily qualified," as Michael Cassio would have said, to suit the capacities of the childish brain, for Dickens never forgot the *maxima reverentia* due to children, and some of us were of *very* tender age: the comedian who played (in a complete jockey's suit and top-boots) Fortunio's servant Lightfoot was—we are afraid to say *how* young—but it was somewhere between two and three, and he was announced in the bill as having been "kept out of bed at a vast expense." The same veracious document represented the sole lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Tavistock House, as Mr. Vincent Crummles, disguising Mr. Dickens himself in the list of *dramatis personae* as the "Modern Roscius," and Mark Lemon as the "Infant Phenomenon"—an exquisitely conceived surprise for the audience, who by no means expected from the description to recognise in the character the portly form of the editor of "Punch." The time, by the way, must have been the winter preceding the commencement of hostilities with Russia, for Mr. Dickens took advantage of there being a ferocious despot in the play—the Emperor Matapa—to identify him with the Czar in a capital song (would we could recall it!) to the tune of "The Cork Leg," in which the Emperor described himself as "the Robinson Crusoe of absolute state," and declared that though he had at his Court "many a show-day and many a high-day," he hadn't in all his dominions "a Friday!" Mr. Planché had in one portion of the extravaganza put into the mouth of this character for the moment a few lines of burlesque upon Macbeth and we remember Mr. Dickens's unsuccessful attempt to teach the

performer how to imitate Macready, whom he (the performer) had never seen ! And after the performance, when we were restored to our evening-party costumes, and the schoolroom was cleared for dancing, still a stray " property " or two had escaped the vigilant eye of the property-man ; for Douglas Jerrold had picked up the horse's head (Fortunio's faithful steed Comrade), and was holding it up before the greatest living animal painter, with " Looks as if it knew *you*, Edwin ! "

"IN JONADGE'S BELLY"

A NEW VIEW OF DICKENS*

I.

DISCRIMINATING Dickensians will welcome the very fine and clever essay by Mr. George Orwell, who brings to his task an excellent knowledge of the novelist and an admiration, tempered by a critical attitude, of his work. This is all to the good, as it may act as a corrective to the indiscriminating adulation too often expressed by out-and-out admirers of everything that Dickens wrote. He has been regarded as omniscient : prophet, reformer, sociologist, publicist ; his word has to such disciples been the voice of a demi-god, whose views on any and every subject are sacrosanct ; Mr. Orwell examines and analyses the motives that stirred him, always in a not unfriendly spirit. There is, however, a tendency, not unknown in critics, to say how such and such a theme ought to have been treated and such another character ought to have been developed. But that surely was Dickens's own business, and he probably knew his own business and his own craft better than anyone else, and he did not need coaching in such matters.

With a great deal of the criticism in this essay the present writer finds himself in agreement, but there are some points on which it seems desirable to comment. Dickens, says Mr. Orwell, was not a reformer. He never pretended to be ; Reform was the business of the professional politicians and the publicists. Indeed, reform in most of the subjects in which he was interested had already begun when he started his career, but he brought to the reformers' assistance something that they did not possess—the inimitable ridicule with which he pictured the state of things they were striving to remedy. To take one instance only—the administration of the Poor Law. Dickens's scathing exposure of Bumbledom helped considerably the legislators who were trying to make those laws less intolerable. As Mr. Orwell says : " he attacked English institutions with a ferocity that has never been approached. Yet he managed to do it without making himself hated and, more than this, the very people he attacked have

* " Inside the Whale," by George Orwell. [Three essays : Charles Dickens, Boys' Weeklies, Inside the Whale.] Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

swallowed him so completely that he has become a national institution himself." Higher praise cannot be awarded.

Mr. Orwell seems to object to Dickens's method of winding up his stories. " Really there is no objective except to marry the heroine, settle down, live solvently and be kind . . . a sort of radiant idleness." Why criticise this ? What is the alternative ? Does Mr. Orwell visualize the antithesis as the ultimate goal ? Does not he wish to settle down, live solvently and be kind, in a sort of radiant idleness ? Or is it possible that he has some thought of finishing his life in a continual struggle, surrounded by animosities, quarrelling with everybody, and leaving at his death debts to be liquidated by those who come after him ?

Mr. Orwell is unkind to Dickens on the subject of education, in spite of the strenuous advocacy of his public speeches on the matter, and twits him with sending his own son to Eton, which he must have considered the best possible start for a boy of the period. " He attacks the current educational system with perfect justice and yet, after all, he has no remedy except kindlier schoolmasters. Why did he not indicate what a school *might* have been ? " But this was not Dickens's business ; he was a novelist. Actual reform was the job of the professional educationalists. Dickens does, however, present them with Mr. Creakle, Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Squeers, Mr. Wopsle's great aunt, and the rest –for extermination ! Yet Dickens was not without ideas ; read his account of Dr. Strong's academy. Given that type of school, and, probably, everything else would follow under the guidance of the Council of Education. Yet Mr. Orwell calls this woolly vagueness.

One of Mr. Orwell's conclusions is that, according to Dickens, individual kindness is the remedy for everything. Of course it is, but education must be devoted among other matters to teaching everyone to be kind. Dickens's own model was the Sermon on the Mount.

Many other aspects of Dickens's genius are dealt with in this provocative essay, but enough has been said here to show how deep has been this study of the novelist, and to arouse the interest of the earnest reader and to send him once more to the books themselves. Mr. Orwell thinks that the lover of Dickens will probably be angry with him. He need have no fear ; every word that he has written will be devoured avidly whether the reader registers agreement or the reverse. It will make him think. One result will surely be to show what a champion Dickens was to every cause that had for its foundation the betterment of the English people of every stratum of society, and especially of the under-dog.

One or two slips occur, but they may have been missed in the proof-reading : Sikes is twice spelled Sykes, Betsey Trotwood's name was not Betsy, Jack Hopkins is called Hawkins. Biddy is given a surname—Wopsle ; it could not have been, unless Mr. Wopsle's great aunt came into the family by marriage, and this is not implied as Biddy was his great-aunt's grand-daughter.

Mr. Orwell's fascinating study ends with a passage of real eloquenc
" I see a face that is not quite the face of Dickens's photograph, thoug
it resembles it. It is the face of a man of about forty, with a sma
beard and a high colour. He is laughing, with a touch of anger in
his laughter, but no triumph, no malignity. It is the face of a ma
who is always fighting against something, but who fights in the ope
and is not frightened, the face of a man who is *generously angry*—in
other words, of a nineteenth century liberal, a free intelligence, a ty
hated with equal hatred by all the smelly orthodoxies which are no
contending for our souls."

T. W. Hill.

II.

Mr. Orwell's book has been extensively reviewed. The criticism in
" The New Statesman " by V. S. Pritchett prompted Miss M. K.
Bradby (who will be remembered for her recent article in *The Dickensia*
on *George Silverman's Explanation*) to write to the editor as follows :

In his interesting review of Mr. Orwell's " Inside the Whale " in
" The New Statesman," the writer gives an impression of Dickens
which in some respects is difficult to reconcile with the facts.

Dickens spent a great deal of energy, and (for him) a good dea
of money in promoting Adult Education. He spoke on its behal
at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham (five times), Leeds, Sheffield
and Coventry.

For twenty years (till his death) he ran a weekly magazine in
which he set himself to promote such social reforms as better
housing, better factory conditions, elementary education, children's
hospitals, workhouses, dangerous trades, methods of dealing with
crime.

If a good cause wanted a champion, it had only got to win the ea
of the " Uncommercial Traveller," and he would help it by a
article praising some brave effort or exposing some cruel wrong.

The antithesis between " a change of spirit " and " a change o
structure," as alternative methods of securing social reform, i
exaggerated. They are complementary, and Dickens aimed at both
For example, the social structure of " master and servant " may
work well enough where the people taking part in it are kindly an
energetic, therefore he tried to persuade the Scrooges to be mor
compassionate ; the Trotty Vecks less servile. Whether life in a
village is good or bad depends upon the people in the big house, an
whether they are like the Watsons of Rockingham Castle or lik
Will Fern's Squire. Dickens aims at moving the hearts of his reader
to emulate the good and resist the bad.

But the social structure may be one which cannot be made t
work. It may be wrongly conceived, like the industrial town i
Hard Times ; or it may be an anachronism surviving from time
when it functioned well enough, like the Court of Chancery. Dicken
aimed at rousing public indignation to the pitch necessary fo
legislation. " Cheap, pure water . . . . . wholesome air . . . . . efficien
drainage," he writes, will be got when " the working-people unite t
express their determination to have them." *

The Revolution in Geneva in 1846 had his warm applause. H

* Letter to Miss Burdett-Coutts, October 26th, 1854.

came on the scenes a few days later and occupied a room whose large mirror was shattered by a cannon ball.

" The newspapers may tell you what they please," he wrote to Macready, " I believe there is no country on earth but Switzerland in which a violent change could have been effected in the Christian spirit shown in this place, or in the same proud independent gallant style." He attributes their magnanimity partly to their " splendid popular education."

As for his being " a morbid writer " with a character that shows " hysterical disequilibrium," whom have we, except Shakespeare, who is *less* morbid, or of a character more steadfast and reliable ?

I grant that he shows an arrest of psycho-sexual development at the early adolescent stage, but then how common this is, and how successful, in the main, was his sublimation ! He did not run away from his inner conflict by getting " inside the whale " like Mr. Orwell, nor by refusing to be serious like his contemporaries on the staff of " Punch," nor by indulging the Quilp in himself like Mr. Bernard Shaw. He chose the Christian way, and took the Little Nell in himself for spiritual guide, turning the childish into the childlike.

Like Gandhi, he refused to act, or even to write, without an inner urge ; and like Gandhi, he never mistook this urge for the voice of God. He was true to himself from first to last. How rare !

His unconscious efforts to outgrow " the child " led him perpetually to kill the child of his fantasy—just as Little Nell kills her grandfather in her dreams. When at the age of 45 he fell in love, he still remained true to his own deepest nature, true to his family and friends, generous to his wife, and entirely sincere throughout.

Some things in his life it was not fitting that the public should know, and they never did. Such were his intimate collaboration for thirty years with Miss Burdett-Coutts and his liaison with Ellen Ternan. It *was* fitting that his family and friends should know these things and he made no secret of them.

His defect makes his lovers boring, but they are easy to skip. It does not affect his message—the truths he felt he had it in him to teach—a message which is singularly English and singularly apt for the present times.

THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH

Mr. D. P. R. Coats, of the Winnipeg Branch, has been making some enquiry as to the state of the weather on the night of February the Seventh, 1812. It was, he found, rather cloudy with some light rain, " an appropriate welcome for one who was so true an Englishman " remarked Mr. Coats. " In Parliament two bills for insolvent debtors were being considered because the prisons were nearly full ; a child was born that night who was going to do something about debtors."

WHERE FOUND ?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 150)

1, D. & S. ; 2, O.C.S. ; 3, L.D. ; 4, O.C.S. ; 5, O.M.F. ; 6, B.R. ; 7, O.M.F. ; 8, E.D. ; 9, O.M.F. ; 10, L.D. ; 11, L.D. ; 12, L.D. ; 13, B.H. ; 14, M.C. ; 15, N.N. ; 16, O.M.F. ; 17, B.H. ; 18, O.M.F. ; 19, G.E. ; 20, P.P. ; 21, D. & S. ; 22, O.M.F.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DICKENS'S WOMEN

By C. J. WOOLLEN

THE women characters of Dickens have been the subject of criticism even by some of his warmest admirers. Some, even in their criticism, plead on the Master's behalf that all literary genius has its limitations. The love scenes of Sir Walter Scott many have found exasperating; others find his history weak in parts; while all admit that one or two of his novels have loose ends which never get caught up. Nevertheless, he remains for all time the Scottish bard. Thackeray could portray high life, but was so little at home below stairs that he hardly knew the language spoken there.

Perhaps the best way of answering any criticism of a great man's work is to let the work answer for itself. Dickens's women are alive enough to-day to be able to speak for themselves. But the difficulty in this is to decide which of them is best qualified to speak; whether one rather than another is representative of a group.

If we seek for the strongest character, we shall probably find it in Betsey Trotwood. And it is no contradiction in this woman that she could snap at doctors and lawyers and at the same time brim over with human sympathy. And even in spite of her eccentricities, such as the pursuit of donkeys and donkey-boys, she never, like Mrs. Boffin for instance, becomes frankly ridiculous.

Betsey Trotwood, in fact, may have been taken from life, and that is what Mrs. Boffin could not possibly be. In her, Dickens has pictured a woman, who, with her "Lor! Let's be comfortable," is fit only to remain in the picture as the proper companion to her equally ridiculous husband. A woman, nevertheless, who, if she be not true to life, is so energetically alive that she has outlived hundreds of thousands of inferior creations, the vast majority of whom, born in our generation, have not sufficient vitality to survive a month. And in that is the inspired art of her creator.

At the other end of the scale are such alarming creatures as Miss Havisham and Estella, who are on a par, perhaps, with the malignant Rosa Dartle. But just as Rosa is redeemed in the end, so is Estella. Indeed, we feel that the author has allowed Rosa's love, misdirected and vehement though it is, to compensate for her vindictiveness, and thus finally earn peace of mind for herself. As for Estella, since she is but the perpetuation of Miss Havisham, the reader cannot help feeling that she has redeemed them both. It is as if the author has anticipated the protest of the reader that these women are inhuman, and then by their transformation has shown them as they ought to be, and as we want them to be. And yet, had he not shown us the depths of evil possibilities in them, we could never have appreciated their depth of character. So that when Pip says of Estella: "I saw the shadow of no parting from her," we rejoice because we know their future happiness is secured. The genius of the author has portrayed the high light of heroic goodness merely by painting in the black shadows of its contrast.

If we do not detect such possibilities of heroism in the simple, placid characters such as Peggotty, with her flying buttons, or Biddy, the servant to Wopsle's great-aunt, it is not because the possibilities are not there, but because these women seem too good to be true. The women of to-day might object that goodness is too natural to such amiable folk; that if they have their difficulties and trials, they surmount them far more easily than women of flesh and blood would. There is some truth in this. But it is not Dickens's desire to depict characters whom any woman can take as a model. He is more concerned with presenting virtues that are common to real life, and he is able to do this more emphatically when he makes one particular person exhibit them all.

But if homely virtues are common to all ages of mankind, so is their absence. The weakness, for instance, of the mother of David Copperfield, or the insipidity of his first wife, Dora, though they may appear unreal to the enfranchised young women of to-day, nevertheless have their counterpart in a certain spineless frivolity which in modern literature is covered up by countless levities.

The greatest novelists, in fact, do not aim at painting exact portraits so much as creating characters that are substantially true, so that when the reader has pared away all extraneous details he may still recognise something that is the common measure of many real men and women. The process may involve exaggeration, but so does real life, as the phrase "a Dickens character" bears out. And true to the traditions of all creative literature Dickens has made much of comic relief. Mrs. Wilfer, with her "Peace!" "Hold! I cannot permit it," and her face "a martyrdom"; Madame Mantalini; and to some extent little Miss La Creevy, provide a useful complement to the males, who because of them become more plausible. Mr. Wilfer we can take seriously against the background of his absurd wife. Nicholas Nickleby as well as the staid Tim Linkinwater comes to life more vividly because of the lively Miss La Creevy. We can believe in Mr. Mantalini, even when he addresses his wife as "my essential juice of pineapple," all the more because of the foolish, doting, wife herself.

Dickens's women are, nevertheless, for the most part worthy: he has very few degraded souls like Sarah Gamp. In common with Shakespeare, Ruskin, and all great men, he tends to idealise womanhood. And it is his manner of doing so that has given his critics opportunity to complain. Agnes Wickfield, they say, who made David think of a stained-glass window is too much like a stained-glass window and too little a woman. Especially when she greets a declaration of love with "Oh, spare me! I am not myself! Another time!" Little Dorrit, the little dove of the prison, is more dovelike than childlike. The fault of Little Nell and Florence Dombey is in their faultlessness; while the high purpose of such characters as Lizzie Hexam is too exalted to be within the reach of anyone else. Even the faults of the wayward Bella Wilfer are insubstantial, especially after her transformation, when she could say of herself: "I AM such

a nasty little thing," and "such a shallow, cold, worldly, Limit[ed] little brute."

But it was not Dickens's purpose to paint real women: he wa[s] limited, moreover, by the convention of his time. The critics mus[t] remember that he wrote in the romantic tradition—a tradition tha[t] had good results but was tainted in its origin, because it tended, wh[ile] condemning evil things, to label many things bad which were in fac[t] perfectly good.

Like other novelists of his age and tradition, Dickens, therefor[e] suppressed the faults of his heroines, and in making them good, wen[t] so far as to make them "goody-goody." But the genius of the ma[n] is never more clearly manifested than in the fact that we love them as they are. The critic of Dickens must always do violence to hi[s] better judgment and take on a pedantic viewpoint before he can eve[n] begin to criticise. Dickens, doubtless, could have drawn convincin[g] pictures of the brazen hussies of his time, who, like many of th[e] characters of modern authors, might have boasted of their lack o[f] virtue. But it is perhaps the chief glory of the Victorian age in literature, and that which makes its great novelists even greater that it kept its vices out of sight and did not parade them in the drawing-room.

SLOMAN'S; ANOTHER DICKENS ORIGINAL

On November 20th, 1834, as we know from a letter of Dickens t[o] Thomas Mitton, John Dickens was arrested at the suit of Shaw an[d] Maxwell "the quondam wine-people" and detained at "Sloman's" in Cursitor Street." There, on the following day, Dickens visited hi[s] father and gave him some money.

About months two later (February, 1835) the second chapter o[f] *Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle* was published in "Th[e] Monthly Magazine." Herein we find a detailed account of the arre[st] and detention of Miss Lillerton's admirer at the "establishment" o[f] Mr. Solomon Jacobs, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. The variou[s] apartments of the sponging-house and their occupants are described a[t] length (Cruikshank's etching "The Lock-up House" shows one of th[e] rooms), exactly as the young author must have observed them whil[e] ministering to his imprisoned father a few days earlier.

That the premises of No. 4 Cursitor Street remained indelibl[y] engraved in Dicken's memory may be gathered from the fact th[at] after a lapse of nearly twenty years Mr. Sloman (or Slowman) w[as] to be impersonated once again, this time by the immortal Coavins[es] of *Bleak House*.

A. de Suzannet.

SOLUTION TO DICKENS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, No. 2

(Page 125)

Across.—1, Chollop; 5, Fleming; 8, Slum; 9, Garland; 10, Gamp; 11, Ga[rt]16, Fern; 17, Gimblet; 19, Grub; 22, Rudge; 23, Chick; 24, Lamps; 25, Pr[ig]26, Jinkins; 27, Tiny; 30, M.P.C.; 36, Omer; 37, Grinder; 38, Bark; 39, Dollo[p] 40, Parsons.

Down.—1, Casby; 2, Lemon; 3, Peak; 4, Julia; 5, Fang; 6, Maggy; 7, Gupp[y] 12, Prodgit; 13, Pipchin; 14, Perkins; 15, Grimwig; 20, Den; 18, Brick; 21, C[ar] 28, Drood; 29, Carol; 31, Pinch; 32, Mobbs; 33, Sikes; 34, Bray; 35, Heep.

THE DICKENS TOUCH

By W. LAURENCE GADD

I SUPPOSE there are many who, like myself, have read Dickens's books time and time again, each time with renewed interest and pleasure, and also with further insight and understanding of the author's methods, some of which we recognise and are accustomed to speak of as a Dickens touch. One of these peculiarities or methods is the foreshadowing of events to come by certain significant passages which may not be noted at a first reading, but which are to be found in many of the novels. They may be only slight and unobtrusive hints, or may take a more definite and explicit form, but invariably reveal the author's purpose as a preparation for the end in view.

In illustration of this, I take a few examples from different books, beginning with *Little Dorrit*, in which the collapse of Mrs. Clennam's house in Thames Street is clearly foreshadowed almost at the beginning of the book. Mrs. Flintwinch had dreams. She was frightened by ghosts, secret whisperings, and stealthy treads in the old deserted rooms; and went about the house, at night, with an apron over her head, lest she should see things. She said to Clennam: "I tell you, Arthur, noises is the secret. Rustlings and stealings about; tremblings; treads overhead and treads underneath. Who rustles about the house making signals by dropping dust so softly? Who comes and goes, and marks the walls with long crooked touches? Who holds the door sometimes?" Passages to the same effect occur several times, clearly foreshadowing the event long before the catastrophe actually occurs.

The fate of Monsieur Blandois was linked with that of the house when that sinister gentleman first set foot within it. "What the Devil's that?" he exclaimed, at a strange sound, close at hand, which startled him. A tremble; a rumble; and the fall of some light dry matter.

A contemporary and rather venomous criticism by Fitzjames Stephen in the "Edinburgh Review" of July 1857, asserted that the catastrophe in *Little Dorrit* was borrowed from a recent fall of some houses in Tottenham Court Road, an account of which appeared in the newspapers at a convenient moment. I think Dickens rarely, if ever, publicly replied to his critics, but Stephen's article elicited a vigorous reply in *Household Words* on August 1st, 1857, entitled *A curious misprint in the Edinburgh Review*. In this, Dickens denied the above statement, and pointed out that the collapse of Mrs. Clennam's house was carefully prepared from the very first presentment of the building in the story, which was published in monthly parts over a period of nearly two years. Sir W. R. Nicoll was of opinion that Dickens was more irritated by the stupidity of the reviewer, in failing to see this, than he was by the mistake in fact. I have been irritated, myself, by similar stupidity on the part of some quite recent critics. This, however, is a digression.

In *Little Dorrit*, also, the rich Mr. Merdle was troubled by a mysterious complaint which no doctor seemed able to diagnose. Dickens says: "Had he that deep-seated recondite complaint, and did any doctor find it out? Patience. In the meantime, the shadow of the Marshalsea Wall was a real darkening influence, and could be seen on the Dorrit family at any stage of the sun's course." The last sentence is the significant passage.

In *Bleak House* there are distinct warnings or foreshadowings relative to Krook, Mr. Tulkinghorn and, particularly, Lady Dedlock. We are told that Krook was short, cadaverous and withered; and his breath issued from his mouth in visible smoke, as if he were on fire within. "You're a gentleman, Sir," he said to Guppy, with another taste of the Sol's eighteenpenny; and his breath seemed to come towards them like a flame.

Almost every time that Mr. Tulkinghorn's room in Lincoln's Inn Fields is mentioned, foreshortened Allegory in Roman helmet and celestial linen, is described as forever pointing downwards from the ceiling; and when the lawyer arrives in the room, for the last time, there is no new significance in the pointing finger—to give him the latest warning.

We are also forewarned of Tulkinghorn's impending death, when he lies asleep, under the leads at Chesney Wold. "Away in the moonlight lie the woodland fields at rest, and the wide house is as quiet as the narrow one. The narrow one! Where are the digger and the spade this peaceful night, destined to add the last great secret to the many secrets of the Tulkinghorn existence?" "And truly, when the stars go out, and the wan day peeps into the turret chamber, finding him at his oldest, he looks as if the digger and the spade were both commissioned and would soon be digging."

Lady Dedlock's portrait, over the great chimneypiece, is referred to several times, always with a foreshadowing of calamity and disgrace which, in the words of Mrs. Rouncewell, never come to Chesney Wold. Athwart the picture of my Lady, the clear cold sunshine throws a broad bend-sinister of light, that strikes down crookedly into the hearth and seems to rend it. As the fire of the sun dies down, shadows slowly mount the walls, and there falls upon the picture a weird shade, from some old tree, that turns it pale and flutters it, and looks like a great arm holding a veil or hood, and watching an opportunity to draw it over her. "At this hour, and by this light, the shadows change into threatening hands, raised up and menacing the handsome face with every breath that stirs."

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Old Martin's childish submission to Pecksniff is an assumption, but this does not appear until towards the end of the book. And yet his purpose to unmask the hypocrite is indicated at the first interview. He said to Pecksniff: "With the great mass of slanderers, the tale, as I clearly foresee, will run thus: that to mark my contempt for the rabble I despised, I chose from among them the very worst, and made him do my will, and pampered and enriched him at the cost of all the rest. Now, is your mind made up to bear

this ? Lay your account with having it to bear, and put no trust in being set right by me."

In *Nicholas Nickleby* we are prepared for the sudden death of Madeline Bray's selfish father, although the warning comes only shortly before the event. At his interview with Ralph Nickleby, on the morning of the projected marriage, he said : " I had a very strange dream last night. I dreamt that it was this morning, and you and I had been talking, as we have been, this minute ; that I went upstairs for the very purpose for which I am going now, and as I stretched out my hand to take Madeline's, and lead her down, the floor sank beneath me, and after falling from a tremendous height, I alighted in a grave."

Dombey and Son contains several passages foreshadowing the desertion and ruin of Mr. Dombey. These follow the timid visits by Florence to her father's room on the night of his accident, and after the death of little Paul. " Awake, doomed man, while she is near. The time is flitting by ; the hour is coming with an angry tread ; its foot is in the house. Awake ! " He does not awake, and Florence, looking back at him with eyes blinded by tears, steals silently away. Again, " Let him remember it, in that room, years to come. The rain that falls upon the roof ; the wind that mourns outside the door, may have foreknowledge in their melancholy sound. Let him remember it in that room, years to come ! "

Another striking example, in the same book, is in the description of Carker's defeat and headlong flight from Dijon. " Some other terror came upon him, quite removed from this of being pursued. It came suddenly, like an electric shock, as he was creeping through the dark streets. Some visionary terror, unintelligible and inexplicable, associated with a trembling of the ground, a rush and a sweep of something through the air, like Death upon the wing." This terrifying experience came upon him, at intervals, throughout his long ride across France ; and rushed upon him, at last, in the form of an express train, that bore him down, and cut him to pieces, at Paddock Wood, in Kent.

What Sir W. R. Nicoll called " that great work " *A Tale of Two Cities* has been stated by several critics, including some very good Dickensians, to differ from every other of Dickens's novels ; and, in fact, not in his style at all. Well, as I hold that every criticism represents no more, if no less, than one man's opinion, which may or may not coincide with that of his readers (and very often does not), I am not at all overawed by any " literary gent " whatever, but adhere to my own view that *A Tale of Two Cities* is a typical Dickens book. Probably every reader of it has noticed the foreshadowings of the Revolution in France, and its connection with the characters of the story, typified by the echoing footsteps in the quiet corner in Soho, and associated, by Lucie Manette, with the footsteps of all the people that were coming into her life, in times to come. Headlong, mad and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life. Footsteps not easily made clean again, if once stained red ; the footsteps raging

in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle of friends sat in the dark London window.

Unobtrusive hints of coming disclosures perhaps come under a different category. In *Barnaby Rudge* the identity of the supposedly drowned Steward with the mysterious stranger is not disclosed until near the end of the story, but I seem to discern a hint of it in the agitation of the widow, when the stranger appears at her little house in Southwark. "His shadow has been upon it and me in light and darkness, and now, at last, he has come in the body. 'Remove this man from me, good Heaven,' cried the widow. 'In thy grace and mercy, give him one minute's penitence, and strike him dead.'" This cry of anguish was wrung from Mrs. Rudge by something more than the fear of being robbed, and seems to indicate the recognition of her husband.

Through the greater part of *Great Expectations*, Pip (and, I think, most readers of the book for the first time), was under the impression that his expectations were derived from the rich and eccentric Miss Havisham; and yet there is a clear hint of the real benefactor quite early in the story. This was when Pip encountered, at the "Three Jolly Bargemen," the secret-looking stranger who pointedly stirred his rum and water with a file, and presented the boy with a bright new shilling, wrapped up in two one-pound notes. The hint is amplified in a later chapter, when Pip overhears a conversation between two convicts on the coach. "'So he says,' resumed the convict I had recognised—it was all said and done in half a minute, behind a pile of timber in the Dockyard—'You're a-going to be discharged.' Yes, I was. Would I find that boy that had fed him and kept his secret, and give him them two one-pound notes? Yes, I would. And I did." This conversation inspired in Pip a vague dread, which had no distinct shape; and he put it down to a momentary revival of the terror of his childhood.

In *The Black Veil* there is one slight hint of the nature of the malady the young surgeon was called upon to treat, which, by the use of italics, appears to be intentional. The surgeon was told it was useless for him to see the patient that night, but that it was most urgent that he should do so at *nine* o'clock the following morning. This indicates some pre-determined injury to be inflicted shortly before nine o'clock next morning—say, at eight o'clock, the usual hour for executions.

In his postscript to *Our Mutual Friend* Dickens says he foresaw the likelihood that some readers would suppose he had been at great pains to conceal what, in fact, he had been at great pains to suggest, namely, that John Harmon was not dead. He had another purpose, which, to keep unsuspected for a long time, was a more difficult part of his design. This other purpose I take to be the change of character in Mr. Boffin; and as the author was avowedly at pains to conceal the fact, we can look for no definite hint that Noddy Boffin was playing a part. Nevertheless, can there be some, perhaps unconscious meaning in his wife's evident distress, when he was a particularly brown bear

or his own admonitions to her not to cut in, old lady, and his playful threat to carry her out on a cushion if she seemed to be on the verge of disclosure ?

If I omit to mention it, I foresee that I shall be accused of forgetting one very important hint in *Edwin Drood.* In Chapter VII there is this significant passage : " The lustrous gipsy face drooped over the clinging arms and bosom, and the wild black hair fell down protectingly over the childish form. There was a slumbering gleam of fire in the intense dark eyes, though they were softened with compassion and admiration. Let whomsoever it most concerned look well to it."

There is no sequel to this significant passage, of course ; but it undoubtedly foreshadows some prominent part by Helena Landless in the unmasking of the murderer of Edwin Drood. The question what that part was to be has not yet been satisfactorily answered.

FRIENDS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

We are sorry to report that Branches are not availing themselves as we think they should of the opportunity of proving themselves to be real friends of the Dickens House. We have suggested to them an annual donation of one guinea to help keep the flag flying, and only four have responded. The New York Branch, however, has come out strong : " We hope," they write, " that many others will be able to subscribe not only the guinea as you suggest, but double the amount as we are doing at this time." Here is an excellent lead. Who follows ?

A LOSS TO THE EAST BAY BRANCH

We deeply regret to record the sudden death on January 14th of Mr. Bryant L. Waterhouse, for many years Auditor and Historian of the East Bay Branch. He was greatly esteemed by all members for his genial Dickensian nature and helpful spirit. Our Tiny Tim Fund has benefited greatly by his numerous and generous gifts. At our meetings it was his custom to read interesting items selected from the historical records. We all feel we have lost a personal and valuable friend.

J. N.

TAKING STOCK OF *THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP*

(*Answers to Questions on page 74, Spring Number*)

1, " Old Foxey," " Always suspect everybody " ; 2, " A trifle under that of Oliver Cromwell " ; 3, Mrs. Jarley, from her bills ; 4, Mrs. Slum, and Westminster Abbey ; 5, The servant girl at the tobacconist's—" Mr. Snivelling," The Marchioness—" Mr. Liverer " ; 6, Whisker, the pony—Kit Nubbles ; 7, Mr. Slum, and Kit ; 8, Orange-peel and water, the Marchioness ; 9, The Nubbles Family, Mr. Garland and Mr. Abel, Sampson and Sally Brass ; 10, Tom, Harris, Short ; 11, (*a*) Jerry's dogs, (*b*) Mrs. Jarley, (*c*) Dick Swiveller; 12, (*a*) Dick Swiveller, (*b*) Mr. Chuckster, (*c*) The single gentleman ; 13, She was unable to read ; 14, They joined in singing " All's Well "—with a shake at the end ; 15, " Some score of little boys " ; 16, Dick Swiveller, As a signal ; 17, " Entirely by wooden legs " ; 18, (1) The preacher at Little Bethel, (2) The Marchioness ; 19, Sally Brass, The Marchioness ; 20, " A pint or thereabouts " ; 21, Mr. Garland ; 22, Whisker, the pony.

HOW WE RUN OUR BRANCH

(10) WHITSTABLE.

The Whitstable Branch was formed in February, 1931. Its first President was Mrs. Barraclough, who at that time was a member of the Canterbury Branch. Last year its membership was over one hundred; but now there is a "deep depression"; but, like the Whitstable "native," it carries on and keeps its flag flying.

On an annual subscription of 5/- for the first member of a family (inclusive of *The Dickensian*) and 2/6 for each succeeding member, the Branch has fought its way along and shown a credit balance at the end of each year. A fixture list through the winter months gives fortnightly readings and entertainments; during the summer there are outings to places of local and Dickensian interest at an out-of-pocket charge per head. This has kept the branch in the auditor's good books and its members satisfied and happy. Outstanding features of entertainments have been visiting lecturers, dramatised scenes from *David Copperfield*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Dombey and Son* played by members to members and the general public. The Branch is fortunate in having as a member Mrs. Texera, who not only dramatises the books but trains the members and produces the plays.

The Christmas Party and the Birthday Party have always been great features and attract a larger attendance than the membership itself.

Our charitable efforts have resulted in donations to the Royal Alfred Merchant Seamen's Institution, the local Unemployed Centre, Restoration Fund of St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. The Branch is a Corporate member of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral and there are several other smaller subscriptions and donations. 1941 finds us holding monthly readings, with members' papers, lectures, etc., and so we endeavour to keep Dickens's memory green.

Fred Goldfinch,
President.

(11) TORONTO

Our Branch was started in May 1905, and I am happy to say it enjoys a large membership of people who are interested in Dickens, his life and his writings. We have a very capable executive and our present President is a Charter member.

We hold our meetings once a month from October to April inclusive. Usually we have a speaker who talks on Dickens generally or on one of his books, and our players present scenes from the books. Our annual Play is always very successful, and this season we presented the ever-popular *A Christmas Carol*. All the proceeds go to children's charities. For our social activities we have three or four receptions a season and here we are able to get better acquainted with our members. The Boz Club is most enjoyable and to be a member of it one has to be a member of the Fellowship.

We also have a Study Group and it is here that one is able to learn more about Dickens and his works. At our regular Fellowship meetings we cannot hold discussions because our numbers are too large, approximately 300.

The Ladies have a Sewing Group and they are busy all the year making clothing for under-privileged children. In December we have our Christmas Tree and the poor children are our guests. They have a grand time playing games, having a sing-song, and then supper. At the psychological moment Santa Claus arrives with his pack full of good things for them.

We have five cots endowed in children's hospitals, at a cost of $2,000 each. One of our lady members visits the children in these cots every few weeks, and of course they are remembered at Christmas with toys or a book of Dickens.

We have also established a large recreation centre for poor children, a few miles out of Toronto, called Bolton Camp, and we have built a large dining hall called the Charles Dickens Dining Hall; this has since been extended. It has a seating capacity of about 200 at meals at one time. There are also some sleeping cabins for the girls, and they are called "Sissy Jupe," "Little Dorrit," and "Little Emily."

DOROTHY VAIL,
Dickensian Secretary.

[A contribution from Hull will appear in the next number. Branches not yet represented in this series are invited to contribute.—EDITOR.]

CRITICISM WITH AN "IF"

So many people are under the impression that the writer of a criticism of *Pickwick* in the "Quarterly Review," referred to Dickens having risen like a rocket and predicting that he would come down like the stick; and also that Bumble stigmatised the law as "a ass." Mr. J. W. T. Ley in a letter to "John O'London's Weekly," March 15th, put them right, and it is as well to bear in mind that both these statements were qualified by that important little word "if." The writer of the "Quarterly" notice was Abraham Hayward, and not Lockhart the Editor. This information was given by Dickens himself in a letter to Harrison Ainsworth published for the first time in *The Dickensian*, 1932, page 174. Hayward's review of *Pickwick* was full of praise, and we have never understood why Dickens took exception to the necessary admonition that he was writing too fast, and that if he persisted in his course his fate might be likened to the stick of a rocket. "But let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous, and versatile enough to ensure him a high and enduring reputation" the article concluded.

The whole of the "Quarterly Review" notice was reprinted by Messrs. Miller and Strange in their "Centenary Bibliography of *Pickwick*" (1936).

MISSING WORDS OF DICKENS

(*Answers to puzzle on page* 172.)

1, Beadle; 2, head; 3, print; 4, know; 5, greens; 6, crumbs; 7, commercial; 8, jolly; 9, partings; 10, conquered; 11, pressure; 12, accumulation; 13, wery; 14, squintin'; 15, Christmas; 16, moon; 17, lambs; 18, amuthed; 19, hearts; 20, meat; 21, oneness; 22, where; 23, poison; 24, looks; 25, oncommon; 26, tear; 27, down-hill; 28, dimples; 29, genteel.

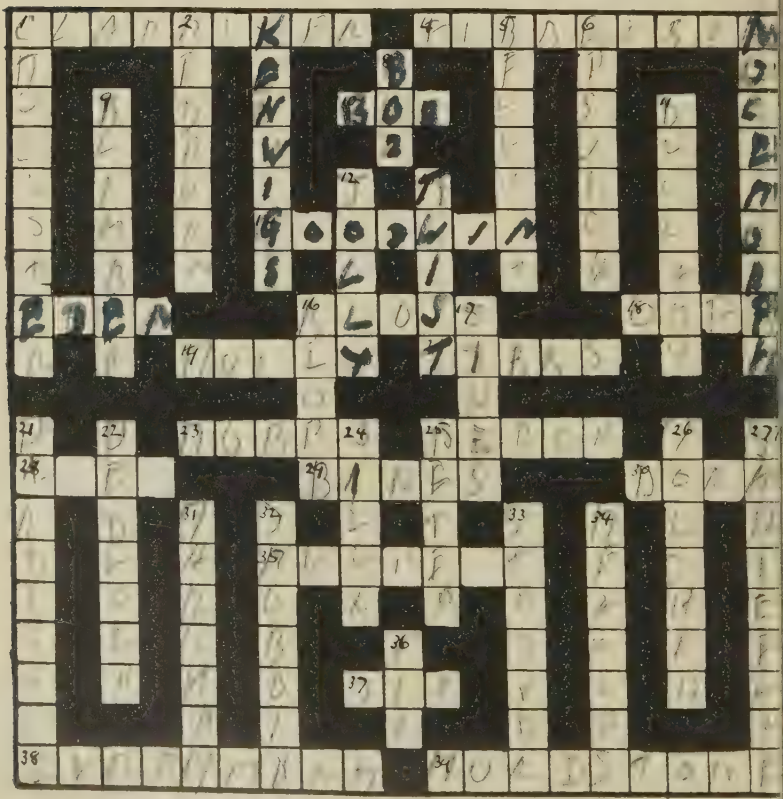
"BLEAK EXPECTATIONS"

Mr. G. Braithwaite, in the Budget discussion in the House of Commons, said that when Mr. Chamberlain introduced the Budget of 1934 he said we were finished with "Bleak House" and were entering on the first chapter of "Great Expectations." The present Chancellor might be said to be engaged on a composite work of "Bleak Expectations." (Laughter.)

EDINBURGH

In place of the usual fortnightly meetings of the Edinburgh Branch the whole energies and resources are being devoted to provide comforts for the Services. So far over six hundred knitted comforts have been sent to the Lady Provost's Fund. The final meeting of the season was a social evening at which the Lady Provost was the principal guest.

DICKENS CROSS-WORDS. No. 3



By Irene Baldwin

CLUES TO DICKENS CROSS-WORDS No. 3—*opposite page.*

DOWN

1. Was he the chucker-out of the Glorious Apollers ? (9).
2. " Something of a musician, something of an author, something of an actor, very much of a carpenter, and an extraordinary gardener " (7).
3. " A very genteel family, having an uncle who collected a water-rate " (7).
5. He imperfectly learned his very first lesson (7).
6. The abode of the " overgrown tavern " rendered the more conspicuous by " a stone statue of some rampageous animal " (7).
7. Bob Sawyer succeeded this Bristol doctor (10).
8. " Who the dickens this could be had puzzled many a learned elf " (3).
9. He kept a forcing school for boys (7).
11. His " whole charm was in his waistcoat " (7).
12. A Mark Tapleyism (5).
13. The son of Agnes (5).
16. Three bees in five letters (5).
17. This wide-awake ruffian is sometimes presented without an " i " (5).
21. There was a ma, as well as a pa, and five little ones too, all so devoted to charity (9).
22. Old confined between deck (7).
24. There were fifteen in this troupe in the French-Flemish country (5).
25. The Christian name of the man whose initials represented afternoon (5).
26. As volatile as her hair-restorer (7).
27. Bebelle (*tout court*) (9).
31. He always spoke of himself indefinitely as " a man " (7).
32. Never to be seen without a consultation fee being paid in advance (7).
33. A pusher ; he ought to have got on (7).
34. A pet or her father (7).
36. He sounds like what a clock does (3).

ACROSS

1. E. R. Clark, R.I. (Anag.) (9).
4. A lie, a morsel, and a boy (9).
10. He " pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name " (3).
14. Mrs. Pott's bodyguard of one (7).
15. The garden we all came from (4).
16. More than a loss ; the wealthy widow of a cork-cutter (5).
18. Maltreatment of an ancient by an undertaker (4).
19. The mother of an ice maiden (5).
20. An early landlady ; and a *nom-de-plume* of Dickens too (5).
23. A scholar who turned up his nose at cow's liver broth (5).
25. A messenger's wife who was always " in an interesting condition " (5).
28. The old man received this endearing appellation from his son (4).
29. A thief surely beats you (5).
30. No connection with a famous Act of the last war (4).
35. These three youngsters were thrown neck and crop into the world on the death of a sheriff's officer (7).
37. He lived in a pagoda with bells (3).
38. A man of two cities with a different name in each (9).
39. Firmness was the great quality on which both took their stand (9).

TORONTO BRANCH

Mr. J. W. McFadden, K.C., a Vice-President of the Fellowship, addressed the Toronto Branch at their last meeting of the season. His subject was a study of *A Tale of Two Cities*, which he regarded, as so many others did, as not typically Dickens, but a great book nevertheless, although devoid of the humour which above all things made Dickens famous.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DICKENS'S LONDON?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 190)

1, Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road ; 2, On the south side of London Bridge ; 3, Mr. Dombey's ; 4, Staple Inn ; 5, The Church in Smith Square, Millbank ; 6, Near Belgrave Square, where Lady Tippins lived ; 7, At Telson's Bank ; 8, St. Olave's Church, Hart Street ; 9, Mrs. Clennam's house in Thames Street ; 10, The Jolly Fellowship Porters ; 11, 24 Mews Street, Grosvenor Square.

WHO—

(*Answers to Questions on page* 136)

1, Charley Bates ; 2, Mr. Peggotty ; 3, Miss Blimber ; 4, Major Pawkins ; 5, Mr. Tupman ; 6, Mr. Peggotty ; 7, Dick Swiveller ; 8, Nicholas Nickleby ; 9, Betsey Prig ; 10, Miss Tox ; 11, Peepy Jellyby ; 12, Mr. Bounderby ; 13, Tite Barnacle ; 14, Mrs. Gargery.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DICKENS'S LONDON?

1. Where is the school which the railway had cut up "root and branch . . . and pared off the corner of the house, which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself in a green stage of stucco, profile-wise towards the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end"?
2. Where are to be seen the steps "of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left, terminates in an ornamental pilaster facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step"?
3. Whose house was "a corner house, with great wide areas containing cellars frowned upon by barred windows, and leered at by crooked-eyed doors leading to dust-bins. It was a house of dismal state, with a circular back to it, containing a whole suite of drawing rooms"?
4. Where was "one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in the smoky trees as though they called to one another, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings"?
5. Where is the "very hideous Church, with four towers at the four corners, generally representing some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air"?
6. Where was to be seen "a life-size model in the window on the ground floor, of a distinguished beauty in a blue petticoat, stay-lace in hand, looking over her shoulder at the town in innocent surprise. As well she may, to find herself dressing under the circumstances"?
7. Where did a certain man sit "at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and everything under the clouds were a sum"?
8. Where is the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim where the gate is "ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than life, wrought in stone" with "iron spikes a-top of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled"?
9. Where was the "old brick house, so dingy as to be all but black, standing by itself within a gateway. . . . Many years ago it had had it in its mind to slide down sideways; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half-dozen gigantic crutches"?
10. Where was "a red-curtained tavern that stood dropsically bulging over a causeway. . . . In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a straight line; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public-house"?
11. Where was the "squeezed house, with a ramshackle bowed front, little dingy windows, and a little dark area like a damp waistcoat pocket"?

(*Answers will be found on page* 189.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Drawn by] [*Ed. F. Payne*

A PICKWICK PROBLEM

Is the solution to the problem expounded in your "When Found—" notes to be found in Tidd's "Practice" ("Oh, what a writer Mr. Tidd is, Master Copperfield!")? Sam Weller's incarceration was in the ordinary course of *mesne* process for securing the body of a debtor against whom an affidavit of debt was filed, by a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendem* ("ca. ca."). This could be done even before judgment and if your debtor put up no fight he could be arrested by the Sheriff at once.

But Pickwick's case is much more complicated. When Jackson served his subpœna on Snodgrass (Ch. 31) he said, "It'll come on in the settens after term; 14th Febooary we expect." I have verified from a Chitty's "Practice" of 1833 that in Middlesex and London, sittings were in fact allowed to be held "out of term" for a limited number of days. So judgment was given against Mr. Pickwick out of term time; but according to the great Mr. Tidd, writing in 1828 (the rule was altered subsequently), no method of execution by writ whether of "fi. fa," "elegit," or "ca. ca." could be "tested or returnable" (i.e. employed at all) out of term time, so Mr. Pickwick was safe until the next term, and my grandfather was right—as usual.

Henry C. Dickens.

THREE AUTHORS

With reference to Mr. Leo Mason's interesting article, "A Tale of Three Authors," it occurs to me that similarities can be noted in the works of the authors he mentions.

Ainsworth, like Poe, had a taste for describing witchcraft, skeletons, secret rooms, and other Gothic horrors redolent of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto."

Nor was Dickens free from such baleful imaginings. His short piece, *The Madman's Manuscript*, might be mistaken for the work of Poe, and there is a sameness about the underlying idea of his "Confession Found in a Prison," printed in *Master Humphrey's Clock* and that of Poe's story "The Tell Tale Heart."

Yet Dickens could hardly have been influenced by Poe, who, I imagine, was practically unknown at the time, so this realisation is but another tribute to Dickens's wideness of range.

Philip Claxton Williams.

[Mr. Leo Mason writes: It is more than probable that Poe may have been influenced by Dickens to a certain extent. Poe's "The Tell Tale Heart" was published in the first number of "The Pioneer," January 1843.]

DICKENS'S FUNERAL

Many thanks for your notice of my attending Dickens's funeral in 1870, when I was a little boy nearly 6.*

Your note was to me but a sugared pill as at the end you "hope" for my own sake I was correct, etc."

Here is a fuller explanation as to all this:

When Dickens died at home it was proposed at first to bury him in Rochester Cathedral, but Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey thought it more worthy that he should be laid to rest in the Abbey.

The Dickens family agreed to this on condition that the funeral should be strictly private, which it was, as none of the public were admitted.

My father knew Dean Stanley well and was *au courant* with the preparation in the Abbey.

On the day of his burial my mother took me out (our family lived within half a mile of the Abbey) and we watched the hearse and carriages pass just opposite George Canning's statue in Parliament Square.

Within a few years I myself was old enough to read Dickens and mother could remind me that I could always be glad to remember my attendance at his funeral.

Trusting this explanation that a member of the Christchurch, New Zealand, Fellowship did actually attend at the funeral will be of interest.

W. H. SAXBY.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

"Dickens's Works in Germany, 1837-1937,"† by Ellis N. Gummer B.A., B.Litt. Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"*David Copperfield* told in an hour." "Children's Newspaper," March 2nd.

"*The Old Curiosity Shop;* Dickens and Disney." "Times Literary Supplement," April 6th.

"No. 10 Bleak House." "News Chronicle," April 4th.

"*Master Humphrey's Clock.*" "Birmingham Post," April 12th.

"Dickens and Unitarianism," by Lily Titman. "Inquirer," April 20th.

"The Religion of Dickens." "Belfast News Letter," April 27th.

"Sairey Kampf and Stally Prig," Cartoon by E. H. Shepard "Punch," March 27th.

"Dickens; the Two Scrooges," by Edmund Wilson. "The New Republic" (N.Y.), March 4th and 11th.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Edmund Wilson. "The New Republic" (N.Y.), April 8th.

WANTED—The Winter Number of *The Dickensian*, 1937 (No. 245) Write Hon. Secretary, The Dickens House.

* Winter Number, 1939-40, page 45.

† A review of this will appear in the September issue.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Hon. Secretary: LESLIE C. STAPLES. Telephone—Holborn 9363.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

ALHAM (No. 93).—Miss E. M. DAVIES, 75 Honeybrook Road, S.W.12.

ACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON (No. 65).—J. H. MCNULTY, 22 Kenninghall Road, Clapton, E.5.

EYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

T. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 24 Mornington Terrace, N.W.1.

ICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—Miss ROSE LITWACK, The Albert Institute, Chancel Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No 81).—Mrs. SHUTE, 1 Highbury Villas.

BEDFORD (No. 79).—Mrs. R. A. BUTT, 103 Green Lane, Clapham, Beds.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mr. MARTIN, Colmore Road, Kings Heath.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. EDITH M. GREAVES, 28 Beech Avenue.

BRIGHTON (No. 21).—S. HUMPHRYS, 30 Derek Avenue, Hove, 3.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Capt. M. C. ROBSON, 54 Pierremont Avenue.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Mrs. BANNISTER, 72 Freelands Road.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—R. PARR, 22 Siddington Road.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—Mrs. SIMPSON, 4 Gore Park Avenue.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

EPSOM (No. 132).—DAVID SMITH, 13 West Street.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—F. C. GRIMES, "Ashington," 22 Merevale Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Mrs. MAUD W. CAWSON, 70 Prince's Avenue.

LANCASTER (No. 125).—W. A. MILLINGTON, 41 Derwent Road.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—ALBERT COOLE, Court Lodge.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss I. V. HOWES, 27 Curzon Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—HARRY E. EVANS, Oakdene, Manchester Road, Wilmslow.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—ALEXANDER WILSON, 45 Burton Street.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 6).—G. J. WINN, 71 Somers Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Mrs. A. M. HUGHES, "Del-Mont," Worcester Road.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—LOUIS COBB, 49 St. Margaret's.

RUGBY (No. 111).—F. J. HUDSON, 247 Clifton Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields.

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—AUSTIN NOXON, "Southwold," Daws Heath, Thundersley, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—CECIL J. TURNER, Brookside, Church Street.

WELLINGBOROUGH (No. 114).—Mrs. C. E. GROOME, Ridgmont, Earls Barton, Northampton.

WHITSTABLE AND TANKERTON (No. 116).—Mrs. CABLE, Thalassa, Wraik Hill.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT (No. 94).—EDWIN L. KNIGHT, Garfield, Heath Lane, Blackfordby, Burton-on-Trent.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—H. J. ALLISON, Heatherleigh, Flat 4, Broadway, Glenelg.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Mrs. M. H. JODRELL, 16 Miles Street, Wooloowin.

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss MCMEEKIN, Box 1879—R, G.P.O.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Mrs. V. E. FETHERSTON, 26 Holborrow Street, Croydon, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss FREDA ROBINSON, 396 Mount Eden Road, S.1.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss G. K. JARMAN, 31 Totara Road, W.1.

WELLINGTON (No. 121).—Mrs. CRUTTENDEN, 26A Clifton Terrace.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—J. HOLMES, 12620 73rd Street.

HAMILTON (Ont.) (No. 47).—F. G. MILLAR, 24 Stinson Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52).—Miss W. PARKER, 810 Upper Belmont, Westmount.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCHATZ, 443 Donlands Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—A. M. COLBAN, 1670 Alberni Street.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—Mrs. N. R. KENNEDY, 3033 Cedar Hill Road.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—MILTON HOWARD, 302 Nanton Building.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Mrs. HARRY LEE BAGLEY, 141 Milk Street, Room 852.

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—Mrs. E. C. SIBLEY, 2732 McConnell Drive, Los Angeles.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Miss FLORENCE WILLIAMS, 920 Parker Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Miss M. SAMSON, 1535 E. 60th Street.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—Mrs. NAAS, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Mrs. L. B. HUNT, 1422 Rucker Avenue.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115).—Miss CHARLOTTE HALL, 2447 Oahu Avenue.

HOLLYWOOD (Cal.) (No. 128).—Miss H. CALDWELL, 321 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89).—Miss IDA M. MOORE, 6106 Del Valle Drive.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. ARTHUR MILLER VINJE, 120 Franklin Avenue.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. A. C. POPE, 339 State Street.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—Miss JEAN HOWLETT, 370 Central Park West.

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129).—Mrs. C. J. TREMAINE, 577 Via del Monte, Palos Verdes Estates.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—ALFRED W. STONE, 512 Eldora Road.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—LEWIS W. JONES, 6471 Overbrook Avenue.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97).—Mrs. F. W. FAIRMAN, 1167 King Avenue.

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126).—Miss CONSTANCE B. HATTON, 10758 3rd Avenue, N.W.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. TARR, 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—AYLMER B. PAISLEY, 7 Laconia Road.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN (No. 105).—SVEND AGGERHOLM P. Rørdamsvej 24.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FOUNDED OCTOBER 6TH, 1902.

President, 1939-41:

COMPTON MACKENZIE, O.B.E., LL.D.

Past Presidents:

SIR HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C. — KATE PERUGINI.
PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A. — Sir WALTER LAWRENCE, BT., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.
ARTHUR WAUGH. — Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.
Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A. — LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE, C.B.E., LL.D.
J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A. — Sir ALFRED ROBBINS, KT., F.J.I.
W. PETT RIDGE. — HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.
B. W. MATZ. — ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., LL.D., LITT.D.
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. — Sir STEPHEN KILLIK, G.B.E., G.C.V.O.
Sir FREDERICK MACMILLAN. — LORD HEWART OF BURY, LL.D., D.C.L.

Vice-Presidents:

Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., F.R.S.
Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.

Mrs. R. C. Shuckburgh (Miss Olive Dickens).
Mrs. A. Waley (Miss Elaine Dickens).
Miss Mary Angela Dickens.
Dame Sybil Thorndike.
Maj-Gen. Ian Hay Beith. C.B.E., M.C.
Norman Birkett, K.C.
Sir Buckston Browne, F.S.A., F.R.C.S.
G. B. Burgin.
A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.
Bernard Darwin, C.B.E.
Walter Dexter.
Robert Hichens.
Prof. W. S. Holdsworth, K.C.
His Honour Judge F. W. Howay, LL.D., F.R.S.C.
W. W. Jacobs.
Coulson Kernahan.
J. W. T. Ley.
James W. McFadden, K.C.
Sir J. Martin-Harvey, F.R.S.L.
André Maurois, G.B.E.
Arthur Morrison.
J. B. Priestley.
Sir C. Grant Robertson.
M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A.
Sir John C. Squire.
Ralph Straus.
Count de Suzannet.
Sir Hugh Walpole, C.B.E.
H. G. Wells.
Bransby Williams.
H. Saxe Wyndham.

Hon. Secretary: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

Hon. Treasurer: T. W. HILL.

Hon. Editor of "The Dickensian": WALTER DEXTER.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IS OPEN TO ALL.

In London, the Headquarters arranges an attractive programme of Lectures, Recitals, Exhibitions and Dinners during the winter months, and Pilgrimages to places connected with Dickens during the summer.

The subscription for Fellows attached to Headquarters is half-a-guinea per annum, including *The Dickensian* post free; for second and subsequent members of the same family living in the same house the Annual Subscription is seven shillings and sixpence, but does not include a copy of the magazine. Life Subscription: Five guineas.

Branches fix their own subscriptions. A List of Branches is printed on the inside cover.

Headquarters:
THE DICKENS HOUSE
48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C. 1
Telephone: Holborn 9363

HULL AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BROWN AND SONS, LIMITED